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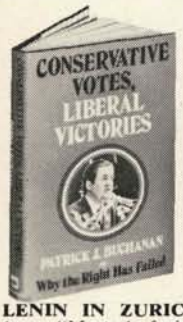

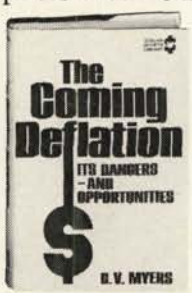

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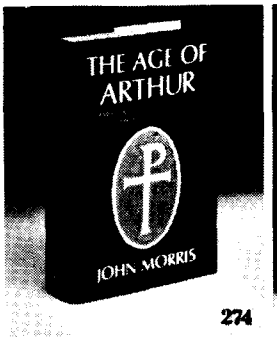

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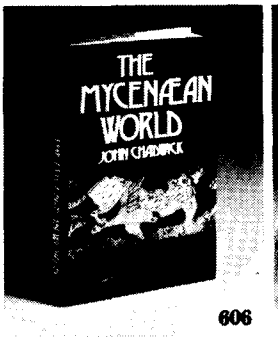

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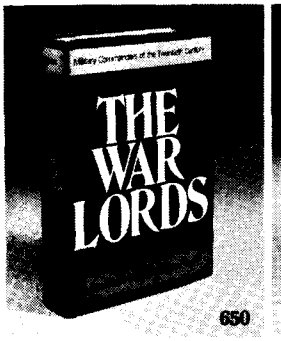

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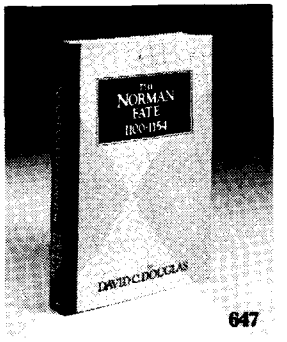

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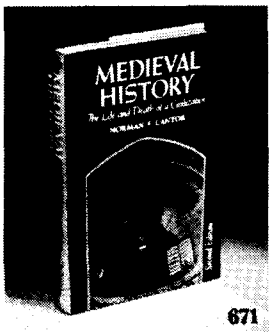

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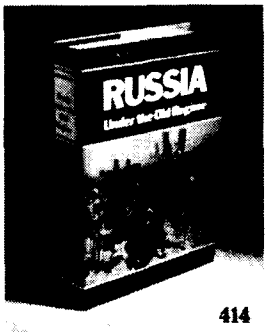

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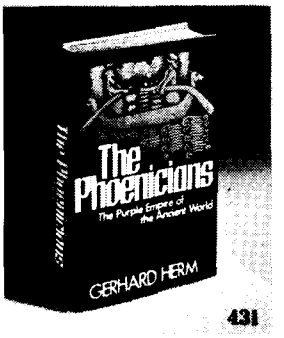

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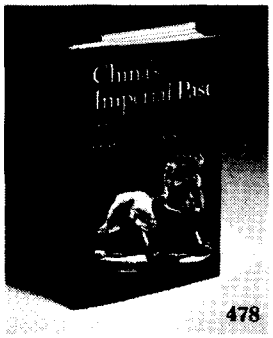

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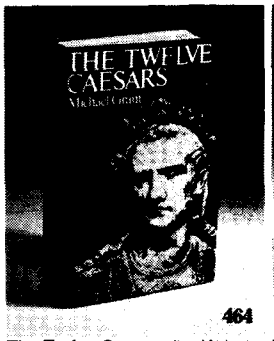

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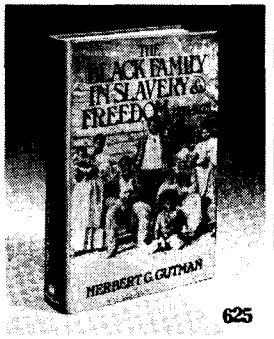

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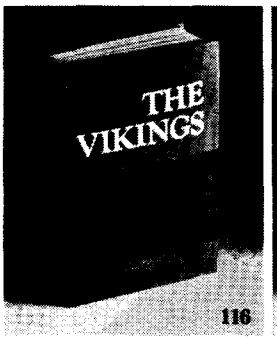

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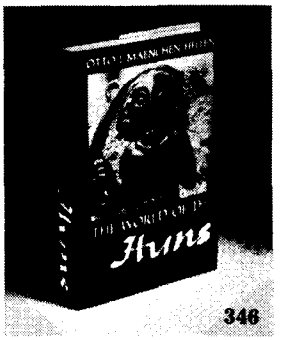

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During the early Fifties, our darkest era of repression, our greatest woman playwright was forced to fire her cook and gardener. Things were that bad. Now she has made a comeback, recounting her martyrdom, and her book, introduced by Garry Wills (the Last Kid meets the Next-to-Last Stalinist), is a marvel of self-deception, self-service, and self-absorption. It has received from swooning reviewers the literary equivalent of a tickertape parade. Sucker time?
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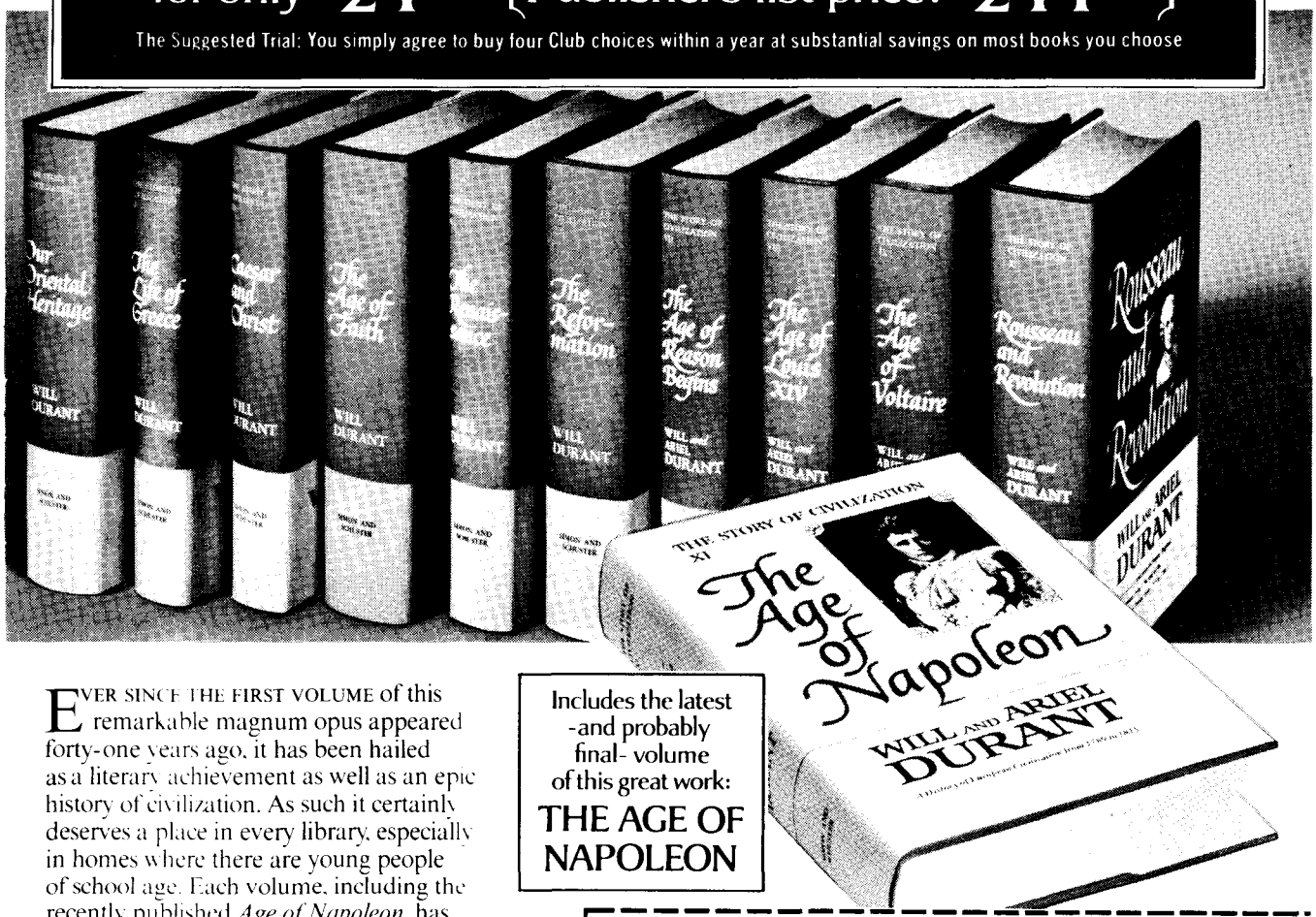

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Letters

YAF versus the BPs

Christopher Buckley's provocative essay "After the Ball Was Over: Decompression, Junior Division" [Jan. 7] makes many good points, some of them splendidly, but I suspect he isn't experienced enough to know that what makes a lot of his "beautiful people" beautiful is simply the iconoclastic imperative. YAF, as he points out, is full of bright and good people who tend not to be flashy. But flashy is an Eldridge Cleaver sweatshirt when he is a Panther, discarded when he becomes a Christian. By contrast, true sophistication (say, a Billy Graham sweatshirt) would not shine out at a Madison Square Garden rally featuring Shirley MacLaine, Jane Fonda, and Mao Tse-tung. The dress the author amusingly writes down is imaginatively unimaginative, but his pals at Yale (I imagine) eat hamburgers day after day, wear the usual blue jeans, and wallow in their shirtlessness and hi-fi noise. At Christopher Buckley's age (22? 24?), what is prematurely sound tends to be viewed as square. Some dare call it precocity.

Chicago, Ill. JONATHAN SCHELL

The Fiasco

Robert D. Novak's article "Fiasco '76" [Dec. 24] does give several reasons why Ford lost the election. However, he failed to mention the primary reason. Nixon was forced to appoint a Vice President approved by the Democrats, and I am sure they were well aware of his weaknesses. The wonder is that the Democrats almost lost to a hand-picked opponent.

Augusta, Ga. ERNEST F. DANIEL, MD

Novak's "Fiasco '76" is ridiculous.

Labor makes up 22 per cent of the population, and 54 per cent of us detest union policies according to one of last year's opinion studies. The unions are the enemy; they are responsible for this nation's destruction by inflation, its turn to the same destructive socialism that has brought England to its knees.

The need is to organize to remove the unions' "right to strike." There is no more right to rob by strike than there is to rob in any other way. This nation cann survive unless the unions are prevente from destroying our economy by pricir us out of work. A strike is a strike again everyone.

For Ford to have played pussy-fo with the unions would have made him carbon copy of the Democrats, which w don't need. If the Republicans need a di ferent image, let them work on bringir the unions into balance with the rest of u When unions can elect 60 per cent Congress, there is no representative go ernment.

Plantation, Fla. JOHN SMI

For all his carefully reasoned analysis the reasons for Gerald Ford's defea Robert Novak surprisingly misses th major cause: Ford's pardon of Richar Nixon. With that single unwise act, For probably destroyed any chance for electio Millions of Americans, including mysel could scarcely believe again that he w "Mr. Nice Guy" who could be trusted wit the highest office in the land. The opinic polls presaged Ford's fiasco well before th election polls confirmed it.

Billings, Mont. JAMES FRIGUGLIET

South African Controversy

Laurence Salomon's article "South Afric in Our Future" [Oct. 15] requires con ment on several rather controversial d tails.

1. He says: "13 per cent of the cou try's land area will be transformed in nine black 'homeland' states, . . . co verting South Africa's majority black po ulation into 'foreigners' in the land whe they were born, where they live ar work."

The truth is that tribal areas where th Homelands are now placed have been th most lush parts of the southern Africa continent and were settled by the indivi ual tribes about the same time that th Europeans, coming up from the Cape Good Hope, moved toward the north. point of fact the African Homelands ha not developed more than 5 per cent their potential, but 500 million rand ha been spent by the South African go

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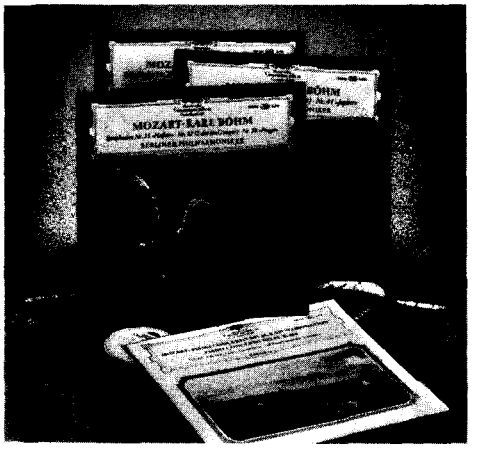

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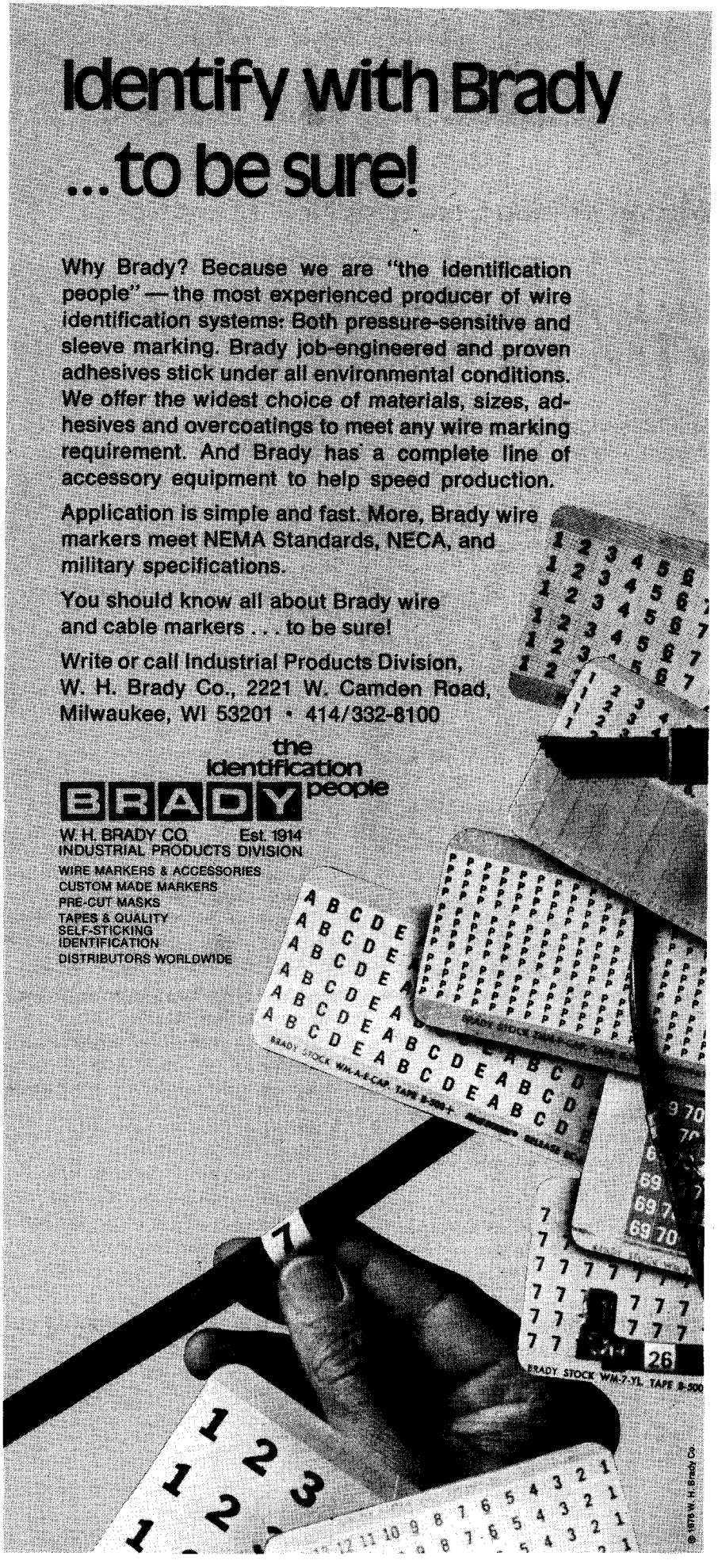
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ernment in helping them to develop what is required for their own self-determination. I need hardly say that each tribal group prefers its own customs and its own language, and the development of its own culture. It is a mistake to think in terms of black and white. There is more friction between the Zulu and the Xhosa than between any of these tribes and the white man.

2. ". . . the overthrow of five centuries of white Western rule in Asia and Africa. The struggle for South Africa will be the end of that line."

No white nation has been overthrown in southern Africa. The fact that Mozambique and Angola—and for that matter Zambia, Zaire, and Tanzania—are black is not as a result of military victory. These countries were voluntarily evacuated by their colonial powers, Portugal, Britain, and Belgium, and the power vacuum in each case was subsequently filled up by local tribes.

3. "Here, for the first time, a situation seems destined to arise in which a nuclear power is backed against the wall." ". . . the South Africans completed a pilot uranium enrichment plant that uses the jet nozzle system of uranium reprocessing developed by the West German scientist E. W. Becker." "If they can not live as freely as their fathers did, they will in fear and anger destroy their hostile neighbors, their black subjects, and themselves."

These statements are nonsense, in every way, even though they form the main basis of Mr. Salomon's essay. The uranium enrichment process used in South Africa was discovered and developed in South Africa by a team under Dr. Roux and Dr. Grant, both of whom are Afrikaners, and indeed the whole team was.

It is perhaps possible that South Africa has the potential to create the bomb at short notice, but to my knowledge none have been created or contemplated. So far as its value in future warfare is concerned it seems clear from the recent conference held by the National Strategy Information Center, Inc. that the tactical use of nuclear weapons has not been fully acceptable as of major value. South Africa has no desire to interfere with anyone else and if forced to defend itself would obviously use sophisticated conventional weapons, which would be adequate.

Johannesburg JACK PENN

Mr. Salomon Replies

1. Mr. Penn's comments do not contradict the quoted statements. To respond to these comments sentence by sentence, and in some cases phrase by phrase, would not only be space-consuming but would lead readers away on a path of irrelevancies. One example must suffice. The phrase, "about the same time," in Mr. Penn's sentence about black and white settlement, produces a certain impression. To point to work by South African archaeologists R. Mason and N. van der Merwe, which

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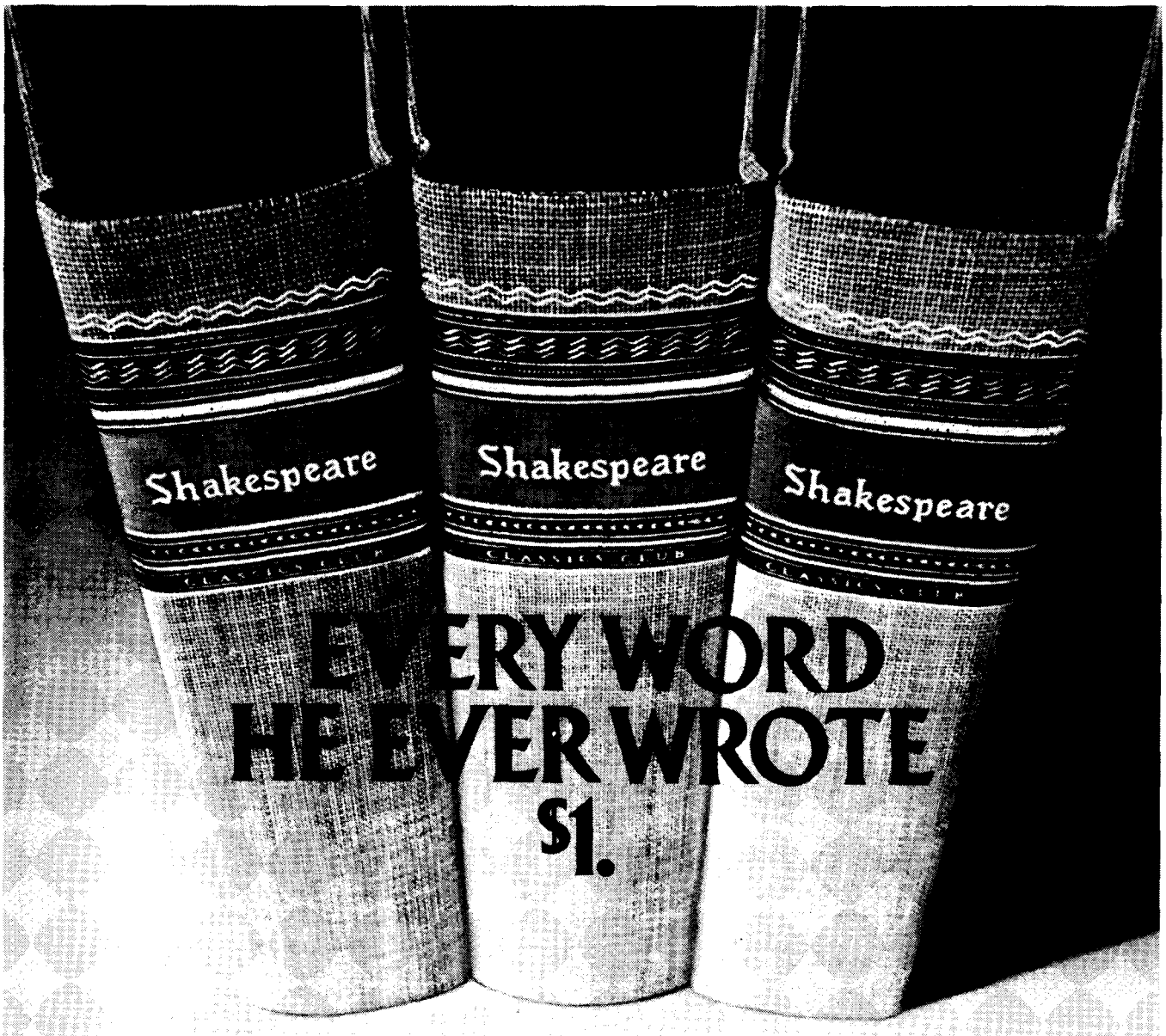

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dates black settlement in parts of the Transvaal to the fifth and eighth centuries (white settlement began in the Cape in the seventeenth century), would produce a contrary impression. But the history of human settlement in the country is a complicated one. In brief, there are large areas of white-occupied South Africa which were never settled by Bantu, and also large areas of white-occupied South Africa which were once occupied by particular Bantu ethnic groups, but from which the latter were extruded, in some cases directly by whites, in others by other Bantu groups who in turn were expelled by whites. But *who was where first* is irrelevant in resolving ethnic conflicts peacefully. All of history is a record of its irrelevancy; the fact that nations possess armed forces and often use them ought to make that clear. Who was where first is no more the issue in South Africa than in the United States.

2. I accept that my use of the term "overthrow" might be misleading. The withdrawal of European authority from Asia and Africa has been brought about, it seems, by the continued operation of the same interests and rivalries which established that authority in the first place and then went on to produce Europe's twentieth century wars and revolutions. For these reasons it is also misleading to describe the West's decolonization as "voluntary," and to ignore the active role played by African and Asian nationalist movements. Portugal, the weakest, most insecure, and therefore most determined of the Western colonial powers, had to increase expenditures for its African wars to approximately 50 per cent of its budget and still could not prevent the liberation movements from extending their operational areas.

3. Hopefully Mr. Penn's characterization of my main argument as "nonsense" will be supported by events. That the South African system of uranium enrichment is an adaptation of the jet nozzle system is the conclusion of detailed and documented analyses which have appeared in the West and East German press (e.g., *Der Spiegel*, Oct. 6, 1975; *Sechaba*, Nov./Dec. 1975). That production of atomic weapons *has* been contemplated by South African authorities is evident from statements by South African political, military, and scientific leaders, including Dr. Roux (e.g., *South African Digest*, August 13, 1965; *Sunday Express*, Johannesburg, December 22, 1968; *The Star*, Johannesburg, April 17, 1971). I also see no tactical value in nuclear weapons (against nuclear-weapons-supported opponents) and did not state or suggest that they might be used for that function. Why Mr. Penn believes that sophisticated conventional weapons would be "adequate" in meeting the contingencies facing South Africa is not explained. My view, as expressed in the article, is that conventional weapons would be utilized to the limits of their adequacy but that those limits would be passed.

New Paltz, N.Y. LAURENCE SALOMON

Hitler & Others

I was pleased to find an account of the U.S. Open Tennis Tournament in your October 15 "Arts & Manners" section, especially since it was by Jeffrey Hart. And I was encouraged when Mr. Hart noted the refreshing absence of politics from the Open. But quite suddenly my pleasure turned sour, when the conduct of Ilie Nastase was discussed.

Mr. Hart wrote that, in his opinion, Nastase "deliberately chooses to give free rein to his 'madness,' much as Hitler or Khrushchev used to do." I thought it a bit much for Mr. Hart to go to such lengths for a comparison. With the likes of Muhammad Ali, Billy Martin, and Woody Hayes about, what need was there even to leave the realm of sport?

Perhaps this is all very trivial, but I recalled that Mr. Hart had only recently written, in his syndicated column, about the inevitable appearance of Adolf Hitler's name in political campaign rhetoric. I thought it odd that Mr. Hart, having made the point that comparisons to Hitler are overly and/or poorly used, should proceed to make a similar comparison himself.

Finally, I wouldn't have bothered to send this along but for another coincidence. I was wondering if Mr. Hart was aware that after that Nastase-Pohmann game, Nastase insulted Pohmann by calling him—"a Hitler."

New York, N.Y. CARL R. DORSCH

Blowing the Gaffe

The so-called gaffe ["What the Gaffe Said," James Burnham, Nov. 26] was consistent with everything President Ford said about foreign policy during the debate. It appeared to be a genuine reflection of Ford's view of world Communism, certainly consistent with his Panama Canal policy. His failure was in the eventual repudiation of the statement under pressure. Had he amplified it and reaffirmed it further he would have won acclaim in liberal circles for a new peace breakthrough comparable to Nixon's first China visit.

Mountain View, Calif. HAROLD EGGERS

For years now I have taken delight in the impeccable logic and enviable lucidity of Professor Burnham's books and columns, but I am somewhat disappointed with his "What the Gaffe Said."

Everyone seems to have acquired his pet version of the mysterious gaffe's significance, and I would like to offer my own. Imagine, if you will, the following.

The Chief Magistrate of the United States, smarting at his own poor showing in the country's most recent contest of wills with the Communists—a Korean tree-trimming party—has conceived a

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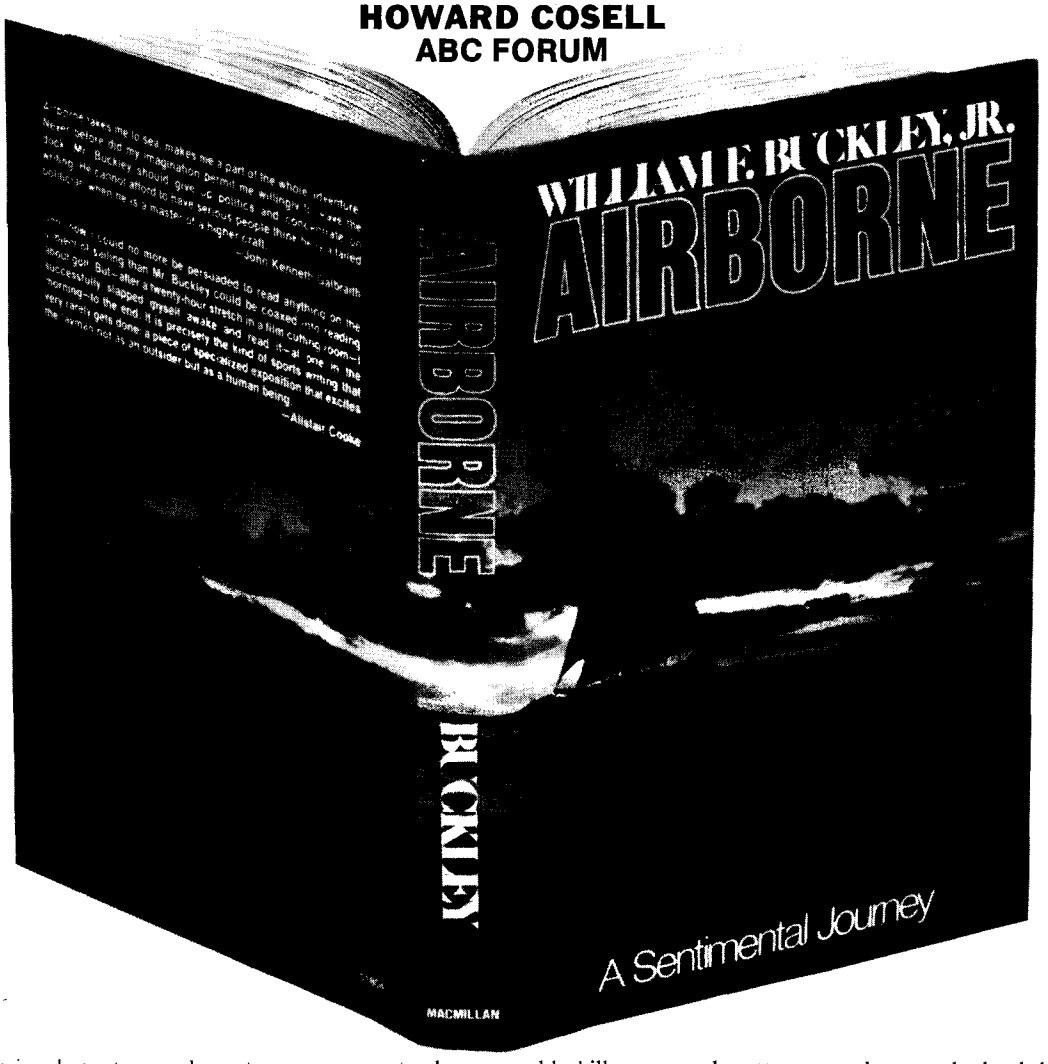
In this book Buckley proves he could have been the greatest sports writer in America.

HOWARD COSELL
ABC FORUM



Airborne is a love story—a love story as wry, as tender, as passionate, as funny, as endearing as any romance ever set down in novel form. **James Jackson Kilpatrick**
Washington Star Syndicate

The Big One was by all accounts a dream come true. **Airborne** not only allows the less fortunate to share that dream but indirectly provides an excellent working definition of a conservative: someone who has something of spiritual or material value worth conserving. Buckley—may his saints and accountants preserve him—has plenty of both. **Time** *Magazine*

This is required equipment for any ocean going sailor. And a lot of vicarious pleasure for those of us who can only sit and dream. **New York Times**

. . . extravagantly and universally appealing. If you come to its pages with a total ignorance of sailing, by the time you are finished you will feel like an old salt. Nor will your innocence of the sport detract from your pleasure. And if you happen to be a sailor yourself, you will probably kill anyone who attempts to borrow the book before you've read the final page. **The National Observer**

Buckley has produced a heart warming, moving and often hilarious mix of happenings, flashbacks and excitements skillfully spiced . . . masterful. **David Niven**

Writing about politics may be fun for him but writing about this water journey was obviously a joy.
Cleveland Plain Dealer

It's the best book Buckley has ever written—full of zest for living, passion for sailing and delight in people. It's a read for all seasons. **New York Daily News**

Airborne is an unparalleled delight, and to anyone suffering a case of the jitters or blues, I recommend it unreservedly. . . . [Buckley] read *Moby Dick* at night, and I'm sure though he had the good taste not to say so, that the god that in his first book he felt had been banished from Yale, resides somewhere in the latitudes and longitudes he sailed on this voyage. **Los Angeles Times**

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bold, even brilliant, stroke, to be delivered in the upcoming foreign-policy debate. On October 6 Max Frankel of the *New York Times* obligingly asserts in the course of the debate that the signing of the Helsinki accord amounted to an endorsement of the Soviets' longstanding enslavement of Eastern Europe. The nation's leader closes triumphantly on his hapless prey.

"If we turn to Helsinki—I'm glad you raised it, Mr. Frankel, . . . there is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe and there never will be under a Ford Administration." The coup is accomplished, but no one else recognizes what has occurred—certainly not Mr. Frankel, who generously provides an opportunity for the correction of this obvious misstatement. Unperturbed, the Chief Magistrate continues as though unaware of his error—before the night is over he will have conferred again with his advisors from State, the Pentagon, and the CIA.

The next evening the Chief Magistrate's image gazes sternly into America's living rooms as he announces the Soviet imperialists' imperiling of World Peace. There has come to his attention a hostile and subversive Soviet presence within the Captive Nations (the Russians have, after all, been engaged these last thirty years in the rape of the satellites, so evidence should not be unduly hard to obtain). He outlines the American response: already U.S. weapons and advisors and matériel are streaming in to aid underground partisans of national liberation; already NATO divisions are rushing toward their assigned targets.

The peanut farmer, after a brief instant's unconcealed astonishment, shows the country his very finest watermelon-gobbling grin and begins to prepare his inaugural address. Ah, but then . . .

Then things start to move. Poland enters a period of turmoil and emerges as a genuine republic (still socialistic, but give them time); in Czechoslovakia, the Dubcek circle rides the crest of rebellion, restoring free elections, free speech, free press, free assembly; the Baltic states stir, then rise. The too canny, too careful men in the Kremlin procrastinate overlong, while aid continues to pour in, first from the U.S. alone and then from all the West.

At a stroke, by guaranteeing the satellites' independence *now*, *today*, and acting accordingly, the President might have wiped away like dust on a chalkboard the ignominy of our nonintervention in Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968.

My explanation of the gaffe is "such stuff as dreams are made on"—I can picture Mr. Nixon, in his palmier days, or even JFK carrying it off, but not Mr. Ford. And this scenario surely never entered his head when the President made and then repeated his thoughtless mistake. But if my account is mere fantasy, what is the pious hope of those Professor Burnham quotes, that the President-elect will "formulate—clearly, without any ambiguity—a *different* political line . . . that can help the real liberation of Eastern Europe from the real Soviet domination"?

New York, N.Y. BAT BENNETT

Messenger of God?

In *NR*'s July 9 issue there appeared a highly prejudicial article about Rev. Sun Myung Moon and his adherents. This was followed by a letter signed Chuck Nevola [Sept. 17] that indulged in the same kind of abuse.

I am not a member of the Unification Church, but I have investigated this group and studied their teachings for over two years. What I have seen is the direct opposite of the picture drawn in the media. As I saw the dark clouds of persecution forming around Moon coming from all segments of the society—radicals, liberals, conservatives, Communists, and fundamentalists—I realized that only a true prophet of God arouses so much resentment and hatred in the hearts of men. Throughout the ages, at no time, in no dispensation, have the messengers of God escaped wholesale slander and vilification from all segments of their societies, and, in the case of founders of universal religions, this has always culminated in heinous persecutions.

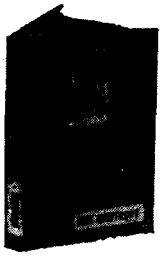
The high priest of the Sanhedrin pronounced Jesus a blasphemer. A lynch mob stoned Stephen to death for blasphemy. One of the most beautiful spiritual luminaries to come out of Islam was a Sufi mystic, al-Hallaj, a Christ-like man who was brutally martyred. The charge against him: blasphemy.

The early Christians and Jesus himself were accused of casting spells, practicing sorcery, and being in league with the devil. The Baha'is were accused of putting drugs in the food of unsuspecting persons. Now we hear that the Moon group uses "brainwashing" to secure its conversions.

No one who brings his followers closer to God can be called a false prophet. I know many of the Moon followers and they love their religion because, they testify, it has brought them closer to God.

Bellevue, Neb. CAROL J. SUZUKI

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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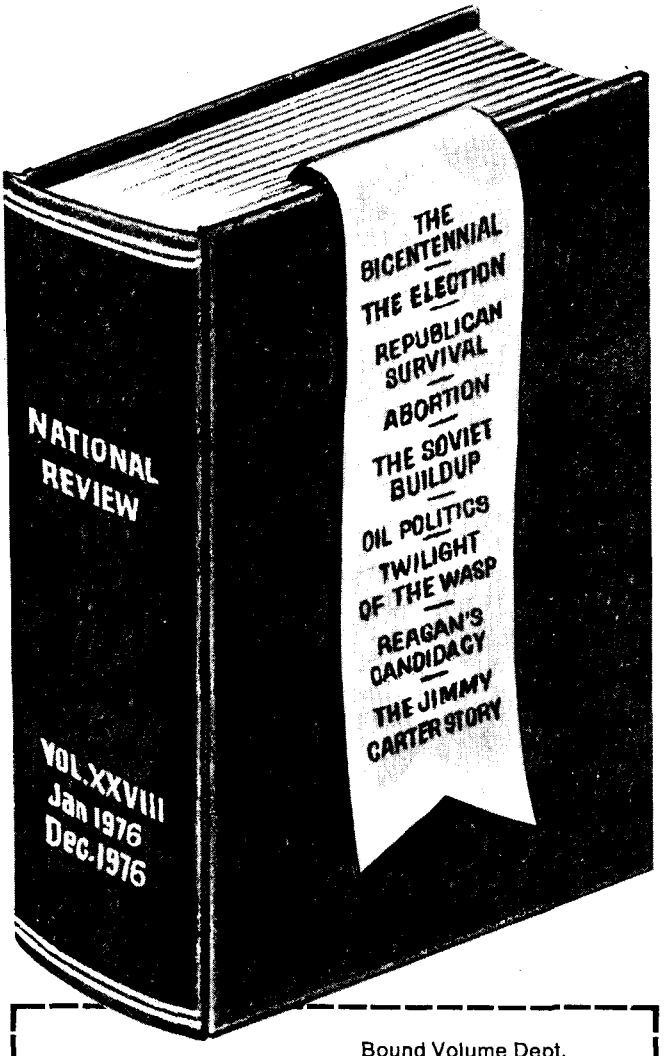

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Opposition to **Ted Sorensen** nomination as head of CIA building up in unexpected quarters. The *Washington Post* opposes it: ". . . It is not clear," its editorial concludes, "how that [Sorensen's] background would help prepare him to preside over the U.S. Government's espionage agency." . . . **George Meany** and high command of AFL-CIO also did everything in their power to block the naming of Sorensen in the first place, not because they feared what he might do to the efficiency of the CIA but because Sorensen has joined other radical chic types (**Jane Fonda**, **John Kenneth Galbraith** among them) in supporting the candidacy of **Edward Sadlowski** to succeed **I. W. Abel** as head of the powerful steelworkers' union. Meany and Co. support the candidacy of **Lloyd MacBride**. . . . That victory of Sen. **Howard Baker** over Sen. **Robert Griffin** to succeed **Hugh Scott** as Minority Leader in the Senate was not a Left-Right fight as might have been supposed. Baker, who is to the right of Griffin, was nominated by liberal Sen. **Charles Mathias** of Maryland, seconded by liberal **Robert Packwood** of Oregon, and got the votes of most of the freshmen GOP senators, who apparently agreed with Mathias that what the sorely pressed GOP minority needs is a "symbolic change" from the old leadership. . . . That much-ballyhooed drive by disgruntled Virginia Democrats to get **Harry Byrd** dumped from the Democratic caucus (Byrd runs as an independent) never materialized. . . . In the House, Rep. **Barbara Mikulski** of Maryland may be trying to replace **Bella Abzug** as the most liberal lady of them all. At any rate she's hired Bella aide **Marylyn Marcosson** as her administrative assistant.

■ Before closing out the old year, a final word on Election '76, how those

Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

"That's going to put the airlines out of business!"

minority parties did (the figures have just now been released): **Eugene McCarthy** got the most votes, 750,000, 1 per cent of the total cast, as many votes as all the other minority parties put together. Second came **Roger McBride**'s Libertarians (183,000); third and fourth the outgrowths of **George Wallace**'s old third party, **Lester Maddox**'s American Party (171,000) and **Tom Anderson**'s American Independent Party (153,000); then, in order, the **Socialist Workers** (Peter Camejo, Trotskyist, 90,000), the **Communists** (Gus Hall, 59,000); the **People's Party** (Margaret Wright–Benjamin Spock, 49,000); and the bottom fringe, **U.S. Labor** (40,000), **Socialist Labor** (9,000), **Socialist** (6,000). . . . Another final note: **Kevin Phillips** reports that an unpublished CBS-*New York Times* poll on election day shows that Carter would have beaten **Ronald Reagan** also, b by a smaller margin: 51 per cent to per cent as against 51 per cent to per cent in **Ford**'s case. It also show that Reagan would have done wo than Ford among Republicans, but b ter among Democrats and independen

■ The Communist *Daily World* to 56 inches to applaud the release ("r cue," they called it) of Chilean leader **Luis Corvalan** without mentic ing that he was exchanged for Sov dissident **Vladimir Bukovsky**. . . . T Cuban press also hailed Corvalan's fr dom without mentioning that Gene **Pinochet** had offered a similar deal the release of **Castro** dissident **Hube Matos**—a former pal of the Sie Maestre days—who has been in jail over 17 years. . . . There was a gr deal of interest when anti-junta Chile refugee **Orlando Letelier** was killed a bomb attack in Washington, D.C. September—so long as it looked as he were a victim of the dreaded C ean DINA. But Accuracy in Medi **Reed Irvine** points out that the pr has been, well, less energetic in follc ing a **Jack Anderson** report that Le lier was on the payroll of Castro's cret police, the DGI, at the time of death. Documents in Letelier's briefc indicate he was getting $1,000 a mo from the Cubans. . . . And there l been no follow-up to yet another terr ist attack, this one in Costa Rica, gunfire-wounding of imprisoned E berto Matos' son, **Huberto Matos** who has been agitating for his fathe release.

■ *The Economist* has tipped its hat **Indira Gandhi** (where have gone Indiring young charms?), as the m with-it leader in the world. What sh got going is a "one woman, one vo government.

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THE WEEK

■ Yes, Richard Nixon will be invited to Jimmy Carter's inauguration, though a Carter aide made it clear that the invitation represents a mere velleity, on the order of Macbeth's expressed wish that Banquo had made it to the feast: "Protocol indicates that former Presidents are invited. We're going to adhere closely to protocol." If Nixon accepts, our sources tell us, he will be asked to wear formal dress, dark glasses, and a red wig.

■ Here's what's cheerful about the new Congress: In his post-election analysis, based on voting records rather than party labels, Warren Brookes of the *Boston Herald American* claims that the ideological shape of the Senate is just a bit more conservative this year, despite the solid victory of the Democrats. Here's how it happened: Of the total of 15 Senate seats that changed hands, six moved to the left (liberal and moderate liberal), eight moved to the right (conservative and moderate conservative), and one moved nowhere (a conservative Democrat replaced a conservative Republican). The selection of Robert Byrd as Senate Majority leader and Howard Baker as Senate Minority leader, both of whom hold conservative voting records, supports this analysis of a rightward trend. Here's what it means: If a few more of the Republicans now on the liberal side of the ledger would vote like Republicans, the conservative voice would carry more weight in Congress.

■ Fraud and elections, like bacon and eggs, go together. There never was a national election where demands for recounts didn't follow hard on victory claims. And many a decision has been overturned as a result of legitimate protests. This year, following November 2, major challenges were entered in a number of states. One of the challengers, the U.S. Labor Party (USLP), set up a Committee for Fair Elections (CFE) and, in conjunction with Republican and conservative forces in general, took a number of cases to the courts. Now it develops that the major interest of the U.S. Labor Party, an activist, sometime anarchistic pro-Soviet group, was more to infiltrate the ranks of conservative organizations than to deny the election to Jimmy Carter. National YAF and other conservative leaders, including columnists William A. Rusher and M. Stanton Evans and Richard Viguerie (*The Right Report*), have warned conservative activists against having anything to do with the CFE; as does NATIONAL REVIEW.

■ Ring out the old and ring in the—old. Two years ago, President Ford refused to meet with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn on the grounds, put baldly, that Brezhnev wouldn't like it. And Brezhnev undoubtedly wouldn't have, Solzhenitsyn being his regime's greatest and most prominent critic. Now Mikhail Baryshnikov is no Solzhenitsyn; whether out of apolitical conviction or because he still has family in the Soviet Union, he has said very little about the regime from which he escaped. So it comes as a surprise that Baryshnikov, who had been invited to dance at the Inaugural Concert January 19, has been disinvited by the Carter team, apparently because Brezhnev wouldn't like it. It seldom occurs to Washington that Brezhnev doesn't like American independence; or rather what's left of it.

■ The editors of the *Manchester Guardian* had a merry Christmas. In their December 26 issue, they were able to alert their readers to a "hitherto unknown" CIA operation. The *Guardian* claimed that the CIA provided the bankroll for a British company called Forum World Features, which, among other things, published a book on the evils of Salvador Allende. The *Guardian* also revealed that Robert Moss and Brian Crozier (who also happen to be *NR* contributors) were beneficiaries of the CIA operation. Savoring its little scoop, the *Guardian* went into great detail about Messrs. Moss and Crozier's other associations, reporting that Moss had written a hawkish speech for Tory leader Margaret Thatcher and that he and Crozier were members of the National Association for Freedom, a "right-wing pressure group." Neatly tucked away in the listing of Moss and Crozier's "right-wing" associations was the tidbit that there was no information that either one of them knew anything of the CIA subsidy, if that's what it was.

■ The Soviets celebrated the seventieth birthday of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev in familiar pharaonic style: trunks of medals from the satellites, elevation to field marshal of the Red Army, massive statues, first use since Stalin of the term *Vozhd* (Leader), Hero of Socialist Labor Award, film documentary of his life televised nationally and then shown in movie houses, endless speeches in his honor by grey men in wide trousers, the obligatory photographs with his great-granddaughter Galya, etc., etc. Hubert Humphrey once summed it all up nicely: "Mr. Brezhnev is a very democratic person without a trace of conceit."

■ While Secretary Kissinger and British Foreign Minister Crosland were sending out invitations to the Geneva black-white conference on Rhodesia, Angolan President Agostinho Neto was also busily preparing, after his fashion, for Rhodesia's shift of rule from white to black. Early in October, Neto took off for Moscow for ten days of consultation with the Soviet leadership. On October 10, Neto and Leonid Brezhnev signed a twenty-year treaty of friendship between Angola and the Soviet Union. The more detailed terms of the agreements

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

During the last days of the Nixon Administration, staffers would wander through the halls of the Old Executive Office Building waving their arms wildly in the air. When asked why, they'd reply that they were trying to bat down the "Sinister Force" that, according to General Haig, had caused Rose Mary Woods's famous tape erasure. The Sinister Force has never been seen, but White House staffers are convinced that it exists and is capable of taking different forms. When Gerald Ford replaced Nixon, the theory goes, the Sinister Force became the WIN Button Fairy. How else, they ask, can you explain that incredible campaign, complete with a WIN fight song sung by Meredith Willson? After a rest in the Xerox machine in the EOB where it lives, say staffers, the Sinister Force reappeared as the Swine Flu Fairy and then campaigned with the President, helping him with his speeches. During the second Ford-Carter debate, it took the form of the Spirit of Helsinki, causing the President to tell the most famous Polish joke of the century. And in its last appearance as the official spirit of the Ford Administration, the Sinister Force appeared as the Puerto Rican Phantom. Which is, say bewildered Ford staffers, the only way to explain Ford's proposal of statehood for Puerto Rico.

■ There is a great deal of speculation here about what the Sinister Force will do now that the Republicans are finally giving up the White House compound. Some say that it will retire to San Clemente, but these observers overlook the fact that the Force is bipartisan. More likely it will remain in the compound, making occasional forays into the countryside, as it did, for instance, in 1969 when it visited Chappaquiddick, or as it did during the Johnson Administration when it traveled with LBJ to the ranch, where it became the Beer Can Fairy and caused the President to whoop and throw beer cans out of car windows. What the Force has in store for Carter is anyone's guess, but it was obviously already trying him out during the campaign, appearing first as the Spirit of Ethnic Purity and later as the Sinister In-His-Heart-Luster. No one—not even Evans or Novak—can predict where it will strike first, once Carter has settled into the White House. But one likely spot might be on the Hill, where labor unions and civil-rights groups are lobbying against confirmation of Griffin Bell, Carter's choice for Attorney General. There are rumors that Bell's background contains civil-rights transgressions of sufficient magnitude to torpedo his appointment. If so, the Sinister Force will obviously be responsible, thus making its first major appearance in the Carter Administration as the Spirit of Harrold Carswell.

■ RUMORS: The speculation over why the Saudis undercut fellow OPEC members continues, and James Akins' name continues to crop up. Akins, former Nixon energy advisor and ambassador to Saudi Arabia, was widely rumored to be shuttling between Washington and Saudi Arabia, where he is greatly respected, as Carter's personal emissary. If so, the speculation goes, a deal was made between Carter and King Khalid. . . . Dr. Theodore Cooper, assistant secretary for health in HEW, reportedly knew about the relationship between swine flu vaccine and the Guillain-Barre syndrome, but ordered underlings to keep the information quiet. That, the rumor goes, is the conclusion reached in an unpublished report by the General Accounting Office. Cooper, who hopes to stay on at HEW, is said to be on the Carter go list because of his handling of the swine flu program. . . . Up on the Hill, where there are now only 143 Republicans holding down seats, they're actually talking about 1980. Frequently mentioned among conservatives is the new senator from Utah with the Allen Druryish name, Orrin Hatch. Hatch, who was backed by Reagan, is intelligent, personable, and an especially forceful speaker. . . . Liberal Republicans, of whom there are still a few left, like the looks of John Danforth, the new senator from Missouri, who is credited with reviving the Republican Party in his state.

■ And finally, thanks to the *Wall Street Journal*'s Washington bureau for this one. New House Majority Leader James Wright, asked to come up with a broad rule for avoiding sex scandals, replied: "The Wright broad rule is that broads ought to be able to type." Lucky for Wright Bella's no longer in the House. —CATO

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reached during Neto's visit remain secret, but the treaty's public text gives a clear enough indication of how Neto and the Kremlin view the present situation in southern Africa and what they propose to do about it. As Neto explained: "We should not consider that, with Angola's attainment of independence, the liberation struggle on the continent will end, that other peoples continuing the struggle for freedom will not need the aid of the Angolan people. And we are prepared to give them this aid." The treaty proposed to develop cooperation between the two countries in the military sphere, "in the interests," as the text discreetly puts it, "of strengthening their defense capacity." The two parties agree also to cooperate in supporting "the just struggle of the peoples for their sovereignty, freedom, independence, and social progress." The private talks are reported to have confirmed arrangements for the continuing flow of Soviet weapons and logistic support for both the Angolan army and the Cuban contingent of 15,000 to 18,000 troops stationed in Angola.

■ Hua Kuo-feng, the successor to Mao Tse-tung as chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, is not quite so solid a figure as Peking propagandists have been painting him. So far, the Party Politburo has approved his appointment, but not the Central Committee Plenum, as the constitution specifies. Moreover, some members of the Politburo itself are said to have serious reservations about his performance, past and future. Creditable observers point out that Hua has full military support only in the matter of purging the radical "Gang of Four," led by Mao's widow, and that radical influence is still virulent in half a dozen of the country's provinces. It appears, finally, that despite the strenuous public relations campaign in his favor, Hua is far from exercising anything like complete control of the state apparatus. The recent military takeover of the central Chinese railroad network can be taken as confirmation of this.

■ Insofar as it can be quantified, freedom continues to decline in the world, the process beginning to appear

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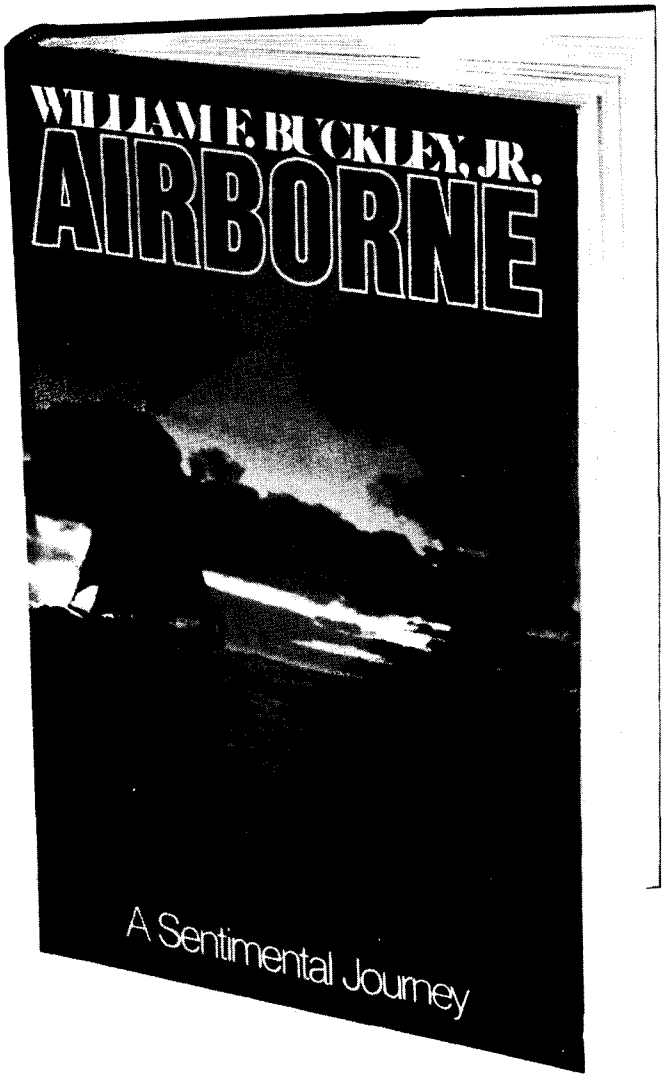

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inexorable. According to a report by Freedom House, an organization that conducts nation-by-nation comparative surveys of the status of freedom, the only significant gain for freedom occurred in Portugal, where its 8.5 million went from "partly free" to "free," and in Bangladesh, where 76 million went from "not free" to "partly free." These gains, however, were offset by Thailand, the year's greatest loss, which moved from "free" to "not free," and by India and South Korea, where human rights continue to fade. Now, at one time most countries were run by authoritarian figures, benign or cruel. But the daily lives of most people most of the time tended to lie outside the range of their immediate power. However, with modern techniques of control, as well as sophisticated means of collecting and disseminating information, a nation's rulers can approach absolute control over the people. The yearly retreat of freedom gives rise to gloomy projections.

■ Make way for the minimum school: A report prepared for the U.S. Office of Education says American high schools have become "social aging vats" in which students spend too much time on academic work. And it recommends shortening school days to two to four hours so that students can get out into the world and get some practical experience and skill. "Both as an institution and as a social concept, the American high school will remain the keystone of this nation's educational system," the report says soothingly (no doubt with an eye to what Jeffrey Hart, in our November 12 issue, terms the "grandiose cultural aims" and sense of mission cherished by many educators). "However, it requires orderly reform."

■ Whaddya know, it turns out the Communists didn't overrun Saigon for the purpose of instituting the Bill of Rights after all. So that old gang—Ellsberg, the Berrigans, Joan Baez—got together and *wrote a letter*. A letter *protesting* the reported internment of some 300,000 people in detention camps, though its tone was described by one of the signers as rendered "more in sorrow than in anger." They got no answer; and after making due allowance for the slowness of socialized mail delivery, they marched on up to the United Nations, where Hanoi has an observer's office. Nobody answered the door; so they slipped their appeal right under it. Still no answer. "I feel sadder but wiser now," said one signer; though Dan Berrigan and others later repudiated the letter, saying it had been based on misinformation. But Congressman Edward Koch saw a course of action short of military intervention: the U.S. might offer to swap political prisoners, like Chile and the Soviet Union. A hell of an idea, except that we don't have 300,000 political prisoners handy.

■ Dr. Gallup: "How would you rate the honesty and ethical standards of people in these different fields?" Class: Doctors highest (55 per cent), well ahead of journalists (33 per cent), who are, however, better respected than lawyers (25 per cent). Senators (19 per cent) beat out Representatives (14 per cent), who, however shade labor leaders (13 per cent), who come out just better than advertising executives (11 per cent). In his charity, Dr. Gallup did not include men of the cloth in his listing.

■ Having trouble finding a butler, a pleasant mansion in the country, or a captain for your yacht? *Milliard*, the magazine for millionaires, is the magazine for you. Its publisher, Claude Thibault, has spent ten years collecting the names and addresses of potential subscribers and hopes to premiere his magazine this month. The first few issues will be free. France's 2,500 millionaires will be on the list, as will 2,300 Swiss, 1,000 Monacans, 10,000 Americans, and all the members of the Soviet Politburo.

■ THE WILLS WATCH: "My wife insists I wash my hair and change clothes when I have been at some smoke-infested gathering. A messenger service brings envelopes to our home so impregnated with the smell that she has to throw the envelope into the outside garbage immediately. . . . Our curtains have to be aired after smokers visit the house." *Marijuana, sí; tabaco, no.*

■ Going the rounds among the thinning Republican ranks on the Hill, the Jimmy Carter Application Blank for Federal Employment.

Name: _____
Address: _____
Birth: _____
Rebirth: _____
etc.

■ Some of our readers will recall that last year NATIONAL REVIEW inaugurated a Man of the Year designation. Our first Man of the Year was Daniel Patrick Moynihan. The practice has been discontinued.

Ford Departs

Acceding to the Oval Office by a quirk of history, Gerald Ford takes his leave with the virtually unanimous good wishes of his countrymen, recognized for what he so manifestly is, a decent and reassuring figure whose performance as President surpassed the expectations of many.

Like the "missile gap" of 1960, the "economic issue" of 1976 figured prominently in the campaign and then proved to be largely illusory. In recent days Jimmy Carter and his aides have been emitting sounds about an "improvement" in the economy and a consequently diminished need for the quick fix earlier prescribed. The economic team operating under Ford in the White

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House may have been the ablest in the modern history of the Presidency, and the Ford Administration repeatedly resisted the promptings of economic folly.

Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon cost him much initial popularity and probably injured his chances of re-election. Nevertheless, it was an act of statesmanship, and certainly very much in the national interest. It will be viewed in that light by history.

On grounds of national interest, moreover, Ford resisted the categorical amnesty demand for Vietnam draft-evaders and deserters, another statesmanlike decision.

As a national political leader, however, and for all his manifest virtues, Ford did not suggest a sense of possibility. With all the polls indicating a "conservative" majority in the country, with, indeed, much of the advanced Western world tilting against the conventional liberal axioms, Ford found no way to consolidate that national conservative majority within its natural home, his own party.

Meanwhile, an agile Jimmy Carter, aware of the national mood, was finding ways to move the Democratic Party—in comparison with 1972, 1968, or 1964—perceptibly toward the center. Its own opportunity lost, and facing a Carterized Democratic Party, the Republican Party has been left by Ford in deep trouble.

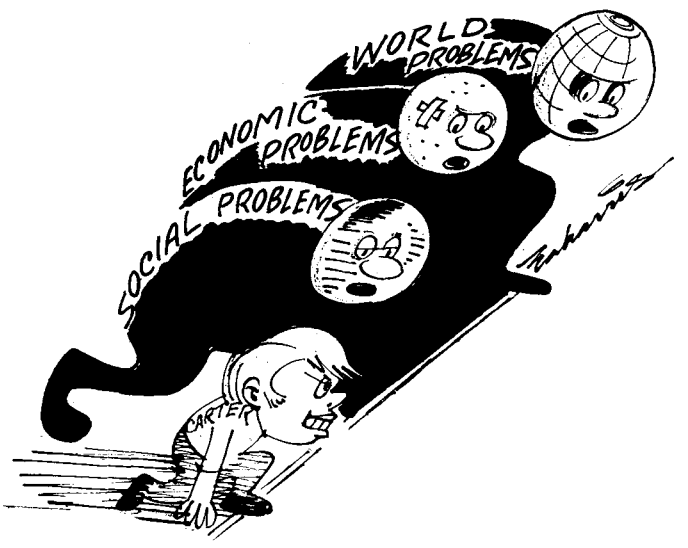
Is Carter Kidding?

For the most part, Jimmy Carter's high-level appointments so far fall into three categories: a) manager-technician types not strongly associated with particular policies, b) friends from Georgia, and c) retreads from the Kennedy-Johnson "B" team. There was one surprise and one outrage. The surprise was James Schlesinger, originally a Nixon appointee, who will be the intellectual heavyweight of the Cabinet. The outrageous designation, potentially a highly dangerous one, was Ted Sorensen for Director of CIA.

Sorensen appears clearly disqualified by reason of philosophy, character, and mental habit.

Philosophy: On two separate occasions, in 1948 and 1952, Sorensen was classified 1-AO by his draft board—that is, a conscientious objector available only for non-combatant service. Sorensen evidently could conceive of no goal for which he would be willing to take human life. No subsequent evidence indicates that Sorensen has altered his pacifist position. The CIA, of course, is hardly a pacifist organization: it would play an integral role in any future conflict, and in the course of its normal peacetime mission—given the kinds of conflict existing today—it is always liable to become involved in various kinds of violence. Has Sorensen read *A Man Called Intrepid*?

Character: In the Chappaquiddick cover-up Sorensen appears to have played a central role. He hurried up to Hyannisport, spent hours with Kennedy and other hastily assembled retainers, and is widely understood to have ghosted Kennedy's televised attempt at public



Harris Rothco

"Ready, set, go!"

deception. At his confirmation hearings, Sorensen should be closely questioned under oath about his role in the Chappaquiddick cover-up.

Mental habit: Despite the above, which may suggest excessive subservience to a political patron, Sorensen's characteristic mode of thought is moralistic—a different thing from moral. He possesses an assortment of axioms, largely derived from the Zeitgeist, and he draws upon these axioms for his judgments regarding real events, which are often complex and problematical. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be"—the Polonius style of mind is all very well for a hanger-on at Elsinore or for a speechwriter in Camelot, but it certainly is not the kind of mind for a statesman to have, or the Director of CIA.

Economic Consequences Of Transition

The new President's appointments for economic posts were about as comforting as could reasonably be expected. Charles Schultze, the newly designated head of the Council of Economic Advisors, is co-author of several Brookings Institution studies that were remakably critical of federal manpower programs, environmental policies, social spending, and government regulations. Bert Lance, who is to head the Office of Management and Budget, is simply an unknown. W. Michael Blumenthal, to be the next Treasury Secretary, combines impressive academic credentials, a successful business career, and valuable experience negotiating international trade agreements.

Yet the most publicized presidential appointments may not have as much impact on the economy as less conspicuous appointments. Relatively obscure White House aides such as Jerry Jasanowski (principal author of the ridiculous Humphrey-Hawkins bill) might actually

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have more influence on the new President. And there are about ninety regulatory agencies whose approach to regulation can be substantially altered by a change of leadership. Even the prospect of a change of regulators can force businessmen to adopt a "wait and see" attitude, with potentially harmful consequences for the economy.

Although there is not yet any solid basis for predicting what effect new Cabinet members and regulatory officials will have on business, some of the possibilities are worth thinking about. Both the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission have launched numerous antitrust investigations, for example, based on shifting philosophies about what is or is not competitive. As Professor Richard Posner has shown in a new book, *Antitrust Law*, the actual practice of antitrust law bears little relationship to current economic knowledge about the subject, and implementation of the law has therefore become quite subjective.

Many agencies will be involved in decisions that affect both producers and consumers of energy. Some energy investments are bound to be held up until there is some indication of the approach of new agency heads toward off-shore drilling, construction of nuclear power plants, deregulation of gas and oil prices, and strip mining.

The Treasury can have a substantial impact on capital markets by the way it chooses to manage the debt (e.g., borrowing long-term or short). The off-budget agencies also have a significant effect depending on the size of their borrowing and whether they borrow in private markets or through the Federal Financing Bank. Some of the economists in the Carter camp have urged more international coordination of monetary policies and exchange rates; others have not. Again, the policies pursued will depend on the people in charge, and different policies will make a difference in business planning.

International trade deals must await some signals from the Departments of Commerce and Treasury, among others. Exports to Communist nations, for example, must be cleared through a variety of agencies. A 1974 trade law gives the White House considerable discretion in raising or lowering tariff and non-tariff barriers to trade. A subtle shift in regulatory attitudes can make the difference between a trade deal being feasible or not.

Within the major regulatory agencies, the views of Mr. Carter's appointees will eventually provide some indication of his intentions. President Carter will probably designate new chairmen of the FCC and the FTC, for example, and will fill four of the 11 seats at the Securities and Exchange Commission. There is some feeling that more exposure to competition is likely in transportation and communication, although there is fairly strong congressional support for special interest legislation to limit entry into the telephone business, and Carter has opposed Ford Administration proposals to ease entry into trucking. Because the regulated industries are, by definition, more regulated than other industries, they will be among the most anxious to learn about new regulators and their policy views. In the meantime, we shouldn't be too surprised that increasing and unpredictable government involvement in business decisions means near-paralysis of business plans during presidential transitions.

General Keegan's Dissent

For years, and all alone, he said
The Soviets would pull ahead;
He sifted satellite reports
That documented silo forts;
He marveled at those massive holes:
Did Russia spawn a race of moles?
As overwhelming evidence
Confirms he peddled common sense,
It must be difficult for those
Who counsel us to love our foes.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Korry Case

Former Ambassador to Chile Edward Korry has raised the lid on a long-simmering dispute over American responsibility for what happened before and during the downfall of Chile's Marxist President Salvador Allende in 1973—and has gotten burned by the steam. The generally accepted view was that the Nixon Administration played the part of prime mover in the coup. Korry claims that the Kennedy and Johnson regimes paved the way for corporate interference and conspiracy, and notably collusion between the CIA and ITT.

The crux of Korry's case lies in his charge that although Nixon did indeed work to overthrow Allende, the two previous Administrations joined with American business to interfere in Chilean politics long before. What the Church Committee did was attempt to cover up this interference in order to protect the reputations of Kennedy and Johnson. Korry says, for example, that Kennedy ordered "millions" of dollars assigned to Catholic agencies in Chile to fight Allende when he ran the first time. He says that after Allende was elected, multinational corporations gave him large sums as bribes to obtain favorable terms for nationalized plants. He adds that Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev told Allende Moscow couldn't help out and advised him to make a deal with Nixon.

It is clear that Korry is the victim of the Church Committee's attempt to whitewash what Kennedy and Johnson did in Chile. He says that, in consequence, he cannot get a job in public service or in journalism (he was a distinguished journalist before he entered the diplomatic service). The only bright spot is that the ex-Ambassador's allegations are being looked into by a federal grand jury to see whether charges of perjury against other Church Committee witnesses are in order.

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Whom Do You Believe?

Retiring Air Force intelligence chief Major General George Keegan fired a few parting shots that deserve to be heard around Washington and the country. Because of the gloomy nature of his warnings, Keegan is often written off as a Cassandra—by those who forget that the prophetess was fated always to speak the truth. Current comparisons, for example, list 19 American combat divisions to 168 Russian; 1,280 American tanks to 41,500 Russian; and 1,054 American ICBMs to 1,527 Russian. General Keegan contends that the Soviets could survive a nuclear war and go on to win it; that they have built underground shelters for 60 million workers and the whole government, besides those for military essentials; and that they have developed weapons systems twenty years ahead of our own and could neutralize our nuclear strike capacity. If all this is so, obviously the Soviet Union is in a superior political position too.

Respected people in the defense establishment, including former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, have disagreed with Keegan in the past, but the views of a chief of intelligence deserve at least some credence. Even if the next war is not hot and intense, as the Soviets are supposed to conceive it, but slow and relatively cool, a quick glance at the current NATO position, for example, shows we are not ready for a conventional war either.

Keegan says we could go far to rectify our position by increasing the defense budget by 2 per cent of our Gross National Product (the current defense budget of $112 billion represents less than 6 per cent of the GNP), a statement which is certainly a direct enough challenge to President-elect Jimmy Carter. But Carter's response so far has been the bland statement that the United States is "still by far stronger than they are in most means of measuring military strength." The least Mr. Carter could do is to provide a convincing description of his yardstick.

Boston Tea Party 1977?

Contemplating the People's Republic of Massachusetts in recent years, you have to say that things have changed a lot since those colonists, outraged over a new tax on tea, heaved the stuff into the harbor. The PRM is now in debt to the tune of $3.4 billion, an increase of $1 billion during the past year and a half. Annual interest on the state debt amounts to $415 million, the third largest item in the budget. Taxes are so high that thousands of people have defected to New Hampshire. Of course, if every man, woman, and infant in the PRM came up with $600, the debt could be retired at once.

House Majority Leader Francis W. Hatch Jr. has a slightly different idea. He has proposed legislation that would give the voters themselves a chance to turn down further heavy borrowing. It would require that borrowing for any purpose in excess of $10 million be placed on the ballot for approval by the voters.

Revolutionary? Well, a number of states already require voter approval for all new bonds, so the Hatch proposal is not conceptually novel, but, for the PRM, it would indeed represent a seismic convulsion. Sam Adams would have approved enthusiastically.

Soares on the Trapeze

Although only local officials were directly at stake in Portugal's December 12 election, it was universally regarded as a current opinion poll on Prime Minister Mario Soares' national government. The result indicates a rather glum toleration of the present set-up. More of the same is being called for, not because of any confidence that it can solve the nation's colossal problems, but because no inviting alternative has taken form.

Perhaps the most revealing statistic was the 35 per cent abstention rate, up from 8 per cent in the aftermath of the revolution and 16 per cent in last April's legislative election, and presumably marking a spreading disillusion with the New Order. Soares' Socialist Party was down slightly, but managed to hold its plurality with a third of the votes. The Social Democrats (formerly the Popular Democrats) got a quarter. The Communists bounced back slightly from their bad (13 per cent) electoral showing last year to a new high of 16 per cent, about the same as the conservative Social Democratic Center. The extremist groups on both Left and Right—including the high-stepping Otelo de Carvalho's improvised Popular Unity Movement—were reduced to scavenging.

The Portuguese political equilibrium is thus balanced for the moment between a Center made up of the two largest parties (Socialist and Social Democrat), comprising together about 58 per cent, framed almost equally by Left and Right flanks. Such a relationship is inherently unstable, and in the present Portuguese situation two special factors aggravate the instability: 1) The strength of the Right is concentrated in the north, that of the Left in the south, so that each has a concentrated geographic and demographic base from which to operate. 2) Soares refuses to form the Center coalition, obviously called for, between his Socialist Party and the Social Democrats. He is therefore governing, Allende-like, on the precarious foundation of a 33 per cent minority, and must rely on the continuing sufferance of the excluded Social Democrats. This tactic may be partly a personal indulgence (his vanity is well known) but is also, and more fundamentally, derived from his fear that if he made a deal with the Social Democrats, who though centrist in relation to the two flanks are to the right of Soares, his own party's hard-Marxist Left faction would swing toward the Communists. Soares' balancing act is skillful, and his government is getting strong international support not only from Western Socialist parties

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and governments but from the United States and France. Precedent, however, suggests it can't last forever. For Portugal, the comedy is not finished.

1984 Comes Early

Eugen Loebl, today a professor of politics and economics at Vassar College, was in 1949 deputy minister for foreign trade in Communist Czechoslovakia. In that year, he was arrested on charges of acting as an agent of Western imperialism, as a tool of Zionism, and so on and so forth; whereupon began an eight-year imprisonment which he describes in his latest book, *My Mind on Trial*. In order to make him confess his crimes, the saviors of mankind woke Mr. Loebl every ten minutes every night; forced him to stand for 16 hours at a stretch under the pressures of interrogation; and maintained him in solitary confinement.

But despite the cruelty of his treatment, Loebl was not persuaded by personal experience that the socialism to which he had devoted his life was a sadistic hoax. For months, indeed, he clung to the belief that sooner or later one of his friends in the government or in the Party hierarchy would come to his defense and sneak him out of the dungeon. This never happened. At last Loebl, with nothing but his thoughts to occupy his time, recalled, almost by accident, conversations that he had had in postwar Washington with John Maynard Keynes, in the course of which the two men had sought playfully to punch holes in each other's economics. And thus Loebl began to amuse himself with the mental reconstruction of various systems of economics, among them Marxism. As he contemplated the intellectual underpinnings of the latter, his mind began to sniff fraud, though his soul smelt heresy and he put his doubts behind him. But gradually he began to overcome "inertia" and concluded after a course of profound meditation that Marxism fails to describe accurately the condition of the modern world. Thus it was that Loebl arrived at a cognitive conversion in which the perceptions of his own senses played no role whatsoever. When his interrogators accused him of having a bourgeois mind, they surely had a point.

One for the Season

When Saigon fell, the refugees streamed out by the hundreds of thousands, by boat, plane, helicopter, raft, on foot, anything to get out. For a short while the world opened its arms to them: America took many, Canada took some, Australia took some, Britain took some, neighboring Thailand took some, even Sweden took some.

But then the host governments cooled on Operation Rescue. People did not much want to think about what was going on in Communist Indochina—any more than they had wanted to think about Hungary in '56, or Czechoslovakia in '68, or Africa any old time after the winds of change blew through. But the impulse to flee remained strong, strong enough for the old and the young, the strong and the infirm to take to the sea in small wooden boats, in the hope of reaching freedom. The boats have been bobbing along for months and months, some of them reaching Thailand, some Malaysia. Passing freighters and fishing boats occasionally come across the refugees and throw them a line. But then there is a hassle. Where to land them. No one wants to take them in. Thailand's refugee camps are overcrowded with Cambodians and Laotians fleeing their particular brands of Communist terror. Hong Kong has its problems with freedom swimmers from Red China. Australia, the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, they've taken lots of refugees but their resources are slim, and they're not all that happy about offending the new rulers of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. They remember that Vietnam has—or had as of a year ago—the third largest army in the world.

There's no welcoming hand, no cheering squad to urge the refugees on in their hazardous flight. When bodies wash up ashore—one whole boatload of Vietnamese was found the other day at sea, the throats of its dead occupants cut—they are quickly and quietly buried. And still they come. Three hundred and fifty reached Thailand in September, 447 in October, 625 in November. How many more didn't make it, no one knows.

But someone does care. It's one of those organizations with an offputting name, the World Conference on Religion and Peace. The World Conference on Religion and Peace has now hired an American captain called Al Crandon who knows the waters around Vietnam well.

He's out there, cruising today in his 65-foot fishing boat. It's stocked with fuel, blankets, food, that kind of thing. It's not much but, says a spokesman for the organization, "We can at least get them off those little wooden hulks and aboard a steel ship. We can at least keep them safe until some country will take them."

It's not much, but it is saving lives and extending that welcoming hand. It's not making U.S. diplomats or the UN Commission on Refugees or local authorities happy, says a newspaper report. Indeed Captain Crandon's operation is "somewhat of an embarrassment, since it focuses attention on how little help is being offered the escaping Vietnamese."

Catholic Comedies

When in one paragraph a writer can attack "doddering monsignors" in the Vatican for wasting their time on "condemnations of sex, Communism, and *liturgical experimentation*" (italics added), and then go on, three short paragraphs later, to contrast "the stately liturgies of the Episcopalians" with "slapdash Masses" and " 'Blowin' in the Wind' at Communion," the reader might imagine

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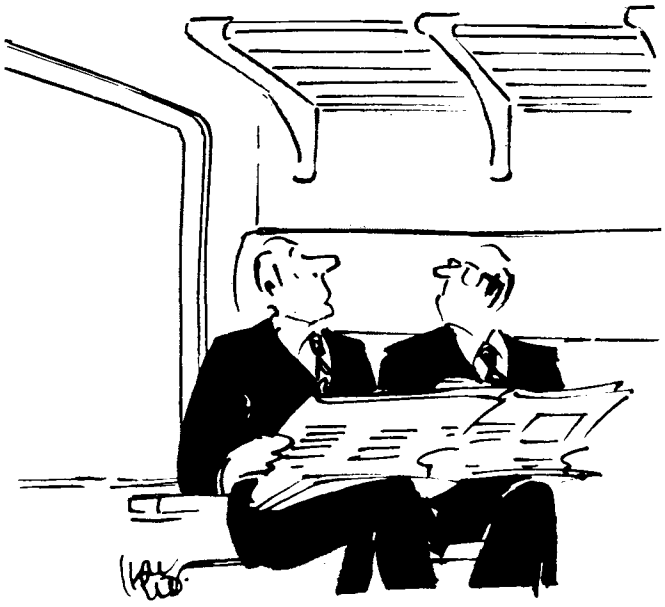
himself to be perusing the prose of a) an idiot, b) an intermittent amnesiac, or c) a doddering monsignor.

Wrong. The prose under inspection turns out to be that of a Fordham professor—a professor of *communications*, no less—an editor of *Commonweal*, none other than Raymond A. Schroth, SJ, and it occurs in a review of John Cogley's memoirs carried in the *New York Times Book Review*.

In several respects the review is a collector's item, a superb specimen of intellectual disintegration. For one thing, Fr. Schroth informs us that during the past thirty years his faith has been "occasionally sustained" by the notion that there were *two* Catholic Churches, "theirs" (the stupid one) and "ours" (the with-it one). The stupid one was run by the Pope and those doddering monsignors. Ours consisted, in a nutshell, no pun intended, of people like Teilhard, Jack Kennedy, Gene McCarthy, and Bob Hoyt. The befuddled Jesuit then goes on to inform us: "But John Cogley was too honest, too rational to sustain himself with an occasional two-church fantasy. In a way he took all of Roman Catholicism more seriously than the rest of us, perhaps too seriously —certainly too seriously to remain in it."

Eh, what's that, *padre*? If the "honest," "rational," and "serious" thing to do is get out of the Church, then what the hell is this fellow doing with "SJ" after his name? If you read those sentences again, they seem to say that he remains in the Church because he does *not* take it seriously. One recalls the remark of Robert Walpole after appointing the free-thinker Benjamin Hoadley to a bishopric: "What? Of course you don't have to be a Christian to be a bishop in the Church of England." Perhaps, today, you don't have to be a Catholic to be a Jesuit, discrimination on the grounds of religion being widely frowned upon in respectable quarters.



Holland, *Punch* Rothco

"I always try to remember that somewhere there's a member of the middle class worse off than oneself."

The case of John Cogley, moreover, proves illuminating. During the 1960s, John Cogley was *the* pet Catholic of the liberal Establishment: religion editor of the *New York Times*, earlier the co-author with Michael Harrington of a Fund for the Republic Report on blacklisting, discussant at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, editor of *Center* magazine, etc., etc. *Gaudeamus igitur*. In 1973, and one almost has to say "naturally"—the cultural logic is powerful, almost poetic—he became a Protestant.

Those Private Clubs

So it turns out that Griffin Bell, Carter's nominee for Attorney General, belonged to two private clubs that are understood to exclude, tacitly, Jews, blacks, and maybe, who knows, others, and further that other Carter nominees belonged to all-male social clubs—whereupon an enormous tut-tutting was heard across the land, and, after giving brief indications that he might tell the tut-tutters that it was none of their damned business what private clubs he belonged to, the aforementioned Bell caved in and announced that he would resign from them.

But, of course, such clubs, legally and in fact, are *private*, their regulations and practices, therefore, of concern only to *members*. Furthermore, like any form of association, such private clubs have various aspects, some of which might be very good, others bad, still others indifferent. Why should not Griffin Bell be permitted to weigh these various aspects and then decide, on balance, whether to stay in or get out? What the furor accomplished in this case was to erect the issue of ethnic exclusiveness into a kind of absolute, make it *the* criterion for judgment, negating all positive reasons why Bell might wish to retain membership.

It was widely asserted, moreover, that Bell's membership in the clubs somehow stood in conflict with his prospective role as Attorney General. This position seems preposterous on the face of it. The duty of the Attorney General is to enforce the law, uphold the Constitution. In no sense are those private clubs *illegal*. In fact, they enjoy constitutional protection. So wherein lies the conflict? It is no part of the Attorney General's role to attack the exclusivity of private associations; indeed, were he to do so he should certainly be impeached.

Finally, while it is an important part of the American ethos that an individual be judged according to his/her individual qualities and not assessed as a member of a group, we nevertheless live with the somewhat contradictory fact that American life, especially as one moves toward the social and the private, is *not* ethnically homogeneous. Are we really prepared to assert that there should be no Ukrainian Club? No German-American League? That Hadassah must have black members? Categorical exclusions in social clubs are unintelligent and anachronistic. But membership in such clubs isn't disqualifying.

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Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I think it was Benjamin Disraeli's father who went about "wreathing the rod of criticism with roses" (and if he didn't, Chesterton probably did). In any case, please fling these roses in the direction of NATIONAL REVIEW: it is one of the most consistently entertaining and literate magazines in the country, largely, I suppose, because of its "refreshing" quality. No doubt the word is a familiar one, it's the same sort of tricky compliment a dozen critics have made about your own books . . . but what it really means is that those of us who are not political dogmatists (in either a conservative or a liberal sense) nevertheless enjoy seeing the tenets of reason applied to political issues. Here in Washington we've learned that the practice of logic is something sane men indulge themselves in only behind closed doors. *NR* is exceptional. I mean, where else could Auberon Waugh *say* those things? So there are two bouquets: you are not merely men and women of reason and wit, but you are men and women of some courage. And now, if you've finished sniffing my flowers, here's the rod:

Sometimes I don't buy an issue. *Frequently* I don't buy an issue, and this is odd because you (and the "you" may be understood to include the NATIONAL REVIEW) are my favorite magazine. See me at the newsstand, coins in grubby fist: 27 years of age, my hair is not short but neither are my pants. Indeed, in appearance and I suppose in cultural attitude I am not very unusual. Hesitation: there's the *Esquire*, and a *Commentary*, and a NATIONAL REVIEW, and all the others in a diminishing band. I already have this week's *Newsweek*—I bought it instead of *Time*, frankly because the *Newsweek* is fatter these days . . . and that's part of the reason I finally buy *Esquire* instead of *NR*. It's ingrained—I want more for my money; now certainly that factor is not a new one to you and everybody knows *NR*'s particular circumstances and the advertising and postal situations, etc. Still, a factor.

But not the determining one.

I have called *NR* a "news" magazine, but you're not, really, are you? Indeed, I am not quite sure what you are: not quite a literary magazine, not a political pamphlet, not a cultural review. This diffusion of purpose may be a strength—it makes a magazine eccentric, and unique. It worked for the *New Yorker* . . . but not for many others. I think this is because it blurs the image: I know exactly what I'm going to get, for instance (and I deserve it), when I pick up a copy of *Ms.* or *Playboy* or *American Antiques*—I know where the emphasis will be, on splashy graphics and fluff articles and flirtations with Bad Taste, but I also know, if I am the sort of fellow who buys such magazines, that somewhere in there will be something that entertains me.

And this is the nub of my criticism: that *NR*, though diffuse and unpredictable in emphasis, is simultaneously predictable in conclusion. I doubt if this is very clear; put it this way: when I read a piece in, say, *Esquire*, I don't always know how it's going to come out, and beyond this I read it, and remember it, as an article by Malcolm Muggeridge or William Buckley or Garry Wills, *not* as an article by *Esquire*. It strikes me that an observation in *NR* about books, or movies, or economics, is a pronouncement *by NR*. I'm not sure why this is: perhaps it's due to the general impression one gets that you folks seem to think that the magazine's existence depends upon the support of a particular hardcore of uncompromising people of conservative political orientation. I believe you operate within a rather strict environment. I believe there are things you allow (even encourage) people to say within the covers of the magazine, and things you do not allow them to say—the wonderful episode in *Execution Eve* concerning the public usage of various potentially offensive words and phrases is a case in point. That whole debate was carried on in terms of possible reader reaction—when I think that within a wider, more colorful context, reaction would have been mild because the guilty word would have been one sore thumb within a sea of sore thumbs. Readership is not limited—that's all over now. I'm half your age, and therefore it was incumbent upon me to demonstrate against Vietnam a few years back, but like many of my fellows I knew then that the men who planned and executed our Asian policy were men of conscience and morality with whom I had a political disagreement. My thesis is that a book reviewer or a letter writer or a theological essayist does not always also have to be a conservative, either socially or politically—I'd rather hear Ronald Reagan than Stephen Spender, if the subject is foreign policy. But give me Spender any day if the subject is a new book of poetry. By the same token, given the conservative underpinning of values which most civilized people share, we may all concede that there is rarely only *one* correct view or course of action, even on political matters.

Two Strategies

The time has come for us to rate
  Byzantium and Rome:
The former held them at the gate;
  The latter, far from home.
Byzantium conceived the wall;
  Rome favored distant war.
Though both experienced a fall,
  I'm Roman to the core.

W. H. VON DREELE

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I think you have been moving in precisely the right direction: I'd like to see the process completed. I think that a forum for debate—which is exactly what the liberal press does not provide—is far more effective and powerful than a unilateral broadsheet. This is because, given the chance, our side will usually win. I want excitement. I would like to see an article called *Carter and Ford on Welfare* in *NR* and not know which side the author was going to come down on. And I think it would be fun to see a reply in the following issue.

For example, I was hurt (and not for the first time) by M. Stanton Evans' attack on the opponents of nuclear power in the September 3 issue; "technophobes," he called them. "Naderites," and "Luddites." To me, this is an attack sponsored by *NR*, because you are not as prone to airing dissident opinion as is, say, *Encounter*. Is the assumption correct? And if it is, well, for God's sake, man, some of my best friends are dubious about the growth of nuclear power, and some of the things they have to say are interesting and worth consideration. I've long been appalled at the general conservative response to the environmental movement—we ought to be leading that particular crusade. "That man's a true conservative," said Tennyson, "who lops the mouldered branch away." Again, as so often before, we let others take over what should have been our issue, let them co-opt it and turn it into something peculiar. Point: People with reasonable disagreements in one area are perfectly capable of working together in others, witness the superb past alliance of Mr. Eugene McCarthy and Senator James Buckley. And if this seems to have degenerated into a rather simplistic essay, well, it has. To boil it down: Why couldn't I have written an essay for *NR* in defense of "Naderites" and the solar energy effort? I have a feeling such a response would have been rejected on the grounds that it violated Policy, or more specifically, on the grounds that it was likely to offend.

There's more. *NR* stands alone in another sense. With the possible exceptions of the *Village Voice* and *Rolling Stone*, it is, I believe, the only mass-circulation publication in this country that functions consciously as an advocate for a particular point of view politically. *Newsweek* is, all things considered, a liberal publication, but its editors do not know that. They genuinely do not see themselves as advocates, probably because of the general political context within which they operate. Assuming that they speak from and for the mainstream, they become the mainstream—so that, whereas *Newsweek* might say (in a rash moment), "Reasonable men everywhere oppose random violence," *NR* must say, "Conservative men everywhere oppose random violence," thus making the attitude a debatable one.

And finally, may I suggest—and I think this is an attitude you people have recently embraced—that you needn't be very concerned any more if something slips past you ("you" as the editors). So what if a socialist slips into the book review section, or if Lenin finds himself praised in the third paragraph on page four, or if somebody writes a column in support of Jimmy Carter or atheism or four-letter words. We're all grown-ups. If the principle is there—the right reason—then it seems to me that a contributor to the magazine may follow his thoughts where they lead, and so long as standards of taste and decency and ethics are maintained, *NR* needn't also assume responsibility for every thought suggested in its pages. One of its editors may say, perhaps, I disagree with Mr. Will or Mr. Evans for this and this and this reason, and ordinarily we can't stand Ms. Steinem, nevertheless we are going to publish an awfully provocative article by Gloria, and by jove a few of the things she has to say are right on the mark—and reader reaction is cordially invited.

You'd offend so many people? At first. But I was offended by parts of *Saving the Queen*. It was offensive because (as *Execution Eve* quotes Sobran as saying) "in a ribald time, only the man of known refinement has the power to shock." But it's not the first time I've seen a difference in our temperaments, and it doesn't stop me from recommending the book to other people as a respectable novel and a damn good spy caper. Can't recommend it to my mother, though, and I would have liked to. My grandmother's finished it. It strikes me that you allow yourself a freedom that you do not permit your magazine.

I know, I know, it *is* your magazine, and nobody asked us. I shall always love NATIONAL REVIEW. I would like more people to do so. If we can read both Waugh and Greene and enjoy both the early Muggeridge and the later Muggeridge and sometimes agree with James Buckley and sometimes with William Buckley, why, all that it means is that we are grown at last. Not many American publications aim toward that sort of rational maturity, even fewer have a chance of attaining it; you folks are different.

Of course there are some things a man doesn't compromise on. He has no time to spare for people who don't like Bach, or for people who talk about the lessons of Vietnam and Waddergate. He doesn't laugh at the *National Lampoon*; except in extreme circumstances, his dry vermouth is always French and his sweet vermouth is always Italian. He doesn't lend his Beerbohm, even to his best friends. But these principles are few, and rarely in dispute, forming as they do the basis of our otherwise uncertain civilization.

Sincerely,
Bryan F. Griffin
Chevy Chase, Md.

Dear Mr. Griffin: Thanks for your thoughtful and provocative letter. Such elaborated concern, and criticism, is given only affectionately, and is here received as such. Comments by other readers are welcome. By the way, we do not regulate the opinions of our writers, and not infrequently we publish reviews and commentary by critics whose political opinion we do not share. Yours cordially,

—WFB

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Jimmy Carter Meets the World

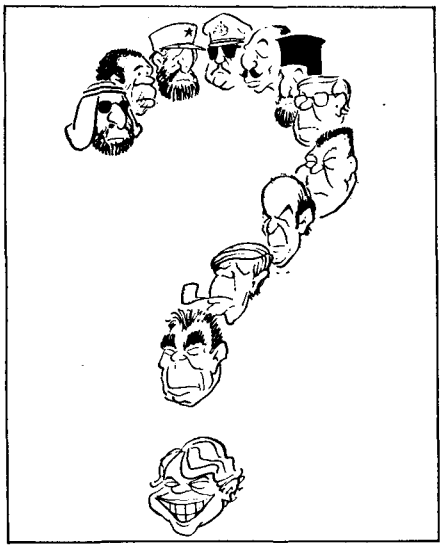
The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IN THE WEEKS between election and inauguration we tend to think of a new Administration as having been handed a *tabula rasa* on which it will write its own chapter in the chronicle of the nation. We speculate on "the real" beliefs and intentions of the Chief-to-be, and ask ourselves whether he will "honor" his campaign pledges. We study the record of the aides he chooses for auguries of policies and actions to come. In each appointment and each new declaration we discern a promise or a threat.

In sober moments we realize that these metaphors of clean slate and new chapter, like the slogans of New Democracy, New Deal, and the rest, are fanciful. In history there are no "new beginnings." The present is only the front edge of the past.

No matter who the new President might be, and no matter what his personal talents, beliefs, and aims, his policies must operate within narrow limits. Not only must they drag along the weight of the past. Their translation from idea into act can take place only through the mammoth institutional structure of a society of 220 million persons—in the first place, through the intricate, introverted, sclerotic governmental bureaucracy. The nation is a going concern of such enormous mass and momentum that—witness Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon—just staying in the saddle has become almost too much for its nominal leaders.



As illustration of the constraints, let us consider a few of the foreign policy problems (domestic would serve equally) that Jimmy Carter as President will find, January 20, on his current agenda:

1) Panama Canal treaty
2) Philippines air and naval bases
3) SALT II negotiations
4) Southern Africa
5) NATO strategy and weapons
6) Geneva meeting on Mideast
7) Jamaica-Cuba rapprochement
8) Vietnam recognition
9) Helsinki follow-up conference
10) South Korea
11) Taiwan
12) Attitude toward OPEC

A World He Never Made

These situations were none of Carter's making, and he has had no part in deciding the policies that the U.S. Government has been following in relation to them. He has to take them as he finds them. What he can do is largely determined by what has already been done. Even if it weren't, there are so many things to be done so quickly that in any given case he won't have time to think through all possibilities and act on a coherent long-term line. He will have to settle for the short term and do what he can to deal with the acute immediate troubles. And he will find out how many alternatives he must discard because he *can't* do them: because it would be illegal; because it would be too expensive; because Congress or public opinion wouldn't go along; because it would harm or antagonize allies; because it would violate prior commitments; because the nation lacked the competence or weapons or will to carry it out.

Moreover, in most cases the nature of the situation dictates the essential elements of U.S. policy, whoever the President and whatever his rhetoric. Surely it is easy to predict, for example, that the forthcoming Panama Canal treaty will: 1) concede Panamanian sovereignty of the Canal Zone, in principle, but delay its full de facto exercise until some time in the future; 2) assure defense of the Canal, for the next period, by the U.S.; 3) pledge maintenance of free passage; 4) give Panama a good deal of money under one formula or another.

Allowing for the changing global situation, the continuity of post-war U.S. foreign policy is unmistakable. In spite of the differences of party and personality in the Presidency and shifts in the composition of Congress, the line runs without abrupt break—Truman-Eisenhower-Kennedy-Johnson-Nixon-Ford.

Neither the identity of the leaders nor the subjective intent motivating their policies seems to make much difference of a fundamental sort in our day of bureaucratized mass societies, but they make *some* difference. If the general direction is out of deliberate control, it can sometimes be altered by a few degrees, and that may be enough to stay clear of the rocks. Even a small shift, though, requires a sustained pressure on the helm. In foreign as in domestic affairs, there is no net leverage from merely reacting to each challenge as it becomes critical.

Which Way, Please?

It won't take long to find out whether Carter, in foreign policy, is going to drift along, merely reacting, from episode to episode. But even if he takes the initiative and applies the sustained pressure, it won't be of much use unless he has some idea where he wants to go.

For a generation our general course in foreign affairs was guided by the policy of containment interpreted in terms of the cold war model. Whatever its defects, this served as a chart that showed where we were going and whether we were getting closer or farther away. This chart is now felt to be obsolescent, but we have not proved able to construct a replacement. That is: we do not know where we want to go. And therefore we have no way to be sure what line of action in a specific episode (Panama, southern Africa, SALT . . .) helps us on our way.

This is Jimmy Carter's underlying problem as he prepares to meet the world. □

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The Other Angola

R. BRUCE McCOLM
and
DAVID SMITH

ONE HAS only to eat South African spam in Zambia or watch African diplomats snub their Soviet counterparts at an international conference in Nairobi to realize that African politics are ill-understood by cold-warriors and country-club liberals alike. Last fall, while Henry Kissinger was shuttling back and forth trying to negotiate a Rhodesian solution, we were walking eight hundred miles across Angola to observe for ourselves whether guerrillas were still, as had been episodically reported, in operation against the ruling MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola).

As we drove through Zambia in a Land Rover we saw a poster of President Kenneth Kaunda advertising the "Great Zambian Leap Forward," while over the radio a broadcast called for Rhodesian houseboys to gouge out the eyes of their white employers. We then spent two days dieting on dry biscuits and orange pop (because of the food shortages in rural Zambia) as we waited for the night we would walk into Angola.

On a frigid August night—the seasons are reversed in southern Africa—we hiked through white sand and scattered clumps of knee-high brush in a region some Africans call "the end of the earth." The long slave caravans that Dr. Livingstone observed here a century ago have been replaced by rows of border posts. At night their lights resemble the frontier barricades in Eastern Europe. By dawn, after over forty miles of trekking through soft sand, we crossed into our target area in Angola. We were to join the UNITA (National Union for the Total Independence of Angola) forces headed by Jonas Savimbi, the only forces now resisting on a wide scale the MPLA government that got its international seal of approval when it was admitted to the United Nations a month ago, with the United States abstaining. There are a few other areas of anti-government activity, but they are minor in scope.

After 15 years of revolutionary action, on January 15, 1975, Portugal resolved to give Angola its independence. It negotiated the Alvor agreement, which, after a period of transitional rule, called for the transfer of power to the three liberation forces then operating in the territory: Agostinho Neto's MPLA, a radical Marxist group supported by the Soviet Union and, in due course, by Cuba; Holden Roberto's FNLA (National Front for the Liberation of Angola), which had run its operations into Angola from secure bases in neighboring Zaire and was the liberation movement best known to Westerners; and Jonas Savimbi's UNITA, relatively unknown outside of Angola, at least in part because Savimbi—the only African leader to conduct a liberation campaign from within the boundaries of his own country—hasn't had easy access to the press. All other liberation forces—as, today, those in Rhodesia—have launched their operations from secure bases in friendly neighboring countries. The leaders of these groups have been dubbed "hotel nationalists" because of their habit of holding press conferences from the safe confines of hotel bars and donning combat fatigues for the benefit of photographers.

During the months following the Alvor agreement, the Portuguese transferred political control in Angola's provincial capitals, and the national capital of Luanda, to the MPLA. In August the Portuguese declared the Alvor agreement null and void. When independence day came in November 1975, the Portuguese simply abandoned Angola, leaving the MPLA in control of most of the interior. A civil war broke out that over several months took more lives than had been lost during the entire 15-year liberation struggle. By then there were an estimated 18,000 to 20,000 Cuban troops in Angola.

Fidel Castro had a number of things to gain from his African adventure. For the services of his expeditionary force—largely staffed by black Cubans—he is said to receive monthly deductions from his increasingly onerous IOUs to the Soviet Union. Castro hence eyes his increased influence in Africa as a means of winning economic independence from Russia but also—and perhaps this is psychologically more important—as a step toward replacing the aging Tito as leader of the Third World. As the father-figures of revolution such as Mao Tse-tung and Tito die off, followed by the elderly founders of African nations, Castro anticipates playing a more important role on the African continent.

Mr. McColm and Mr. Smith spent six weeks last fall walking eight hundred miles through UNITA-held territory in southern Angola. Both men, graduates of Williams College, have spent considerable time in Africa. Mr. McColm holds a Master of Theological Studies from Harvard University and is presently completing his doctoral studies at the University of Chicago. Since 1971, Mr. Smith has lived in Africa, traveling extensively while working as a bush pilot, freelance photojournalist, and filmmaker.

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For the Soviets also the stakes are high. So far, most black African leaders have responded negatively to Soviet power-plays in Africa. Indeed, Kenneth Kaunda is said to be so allergic to Russians that, an African diplomat told us, "he can barely stay in the same room with them for more than a few minutes." By arming and funding Neto, Russia hopes to refurbish its image and to be viewed again as being on the revolutionary side when the struggle for South Africa begins.

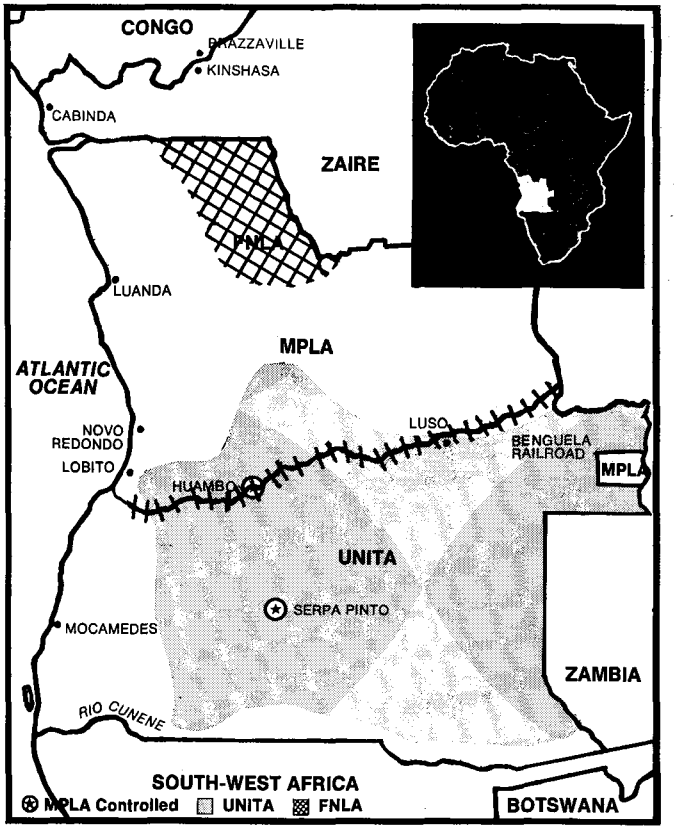
But there are also strategic considerations. The Soviets want to establish a radar base at Moçamedes, a port city in Angola near the border of South West Africa (Namibia), from which to monitor South Africa as well as naval traffic in the South Atlantic. Also, with refueling stations at Luanda and Lobito, the Soviet navy gains key docking facilities in the South Atlantic.

Last February 8, when Huambo, the capital of the pro-Western forces, fell, Holden Roberto went into exile in Zaire. Johnny Eduardo Pinnock, the secretary general of the FNLA and the prime minister of the short-lived Angolan transition government, bought a taxi concession in Kinshasa. But Jonas Savimbi, for his part, vowed to continue the struggle, not from a safe sanctuary but within Angola itself.

While most African leaders have been military men, academicians, or administrators groomed by the retreating colonial power, Savimbi was not. The 42-year-old president of UNITA is the son of an Angolan stationmaster who was also a widely respected preacher in central Angola. Jonas left Angola on a church scholarship when he was 24 and went to Fribourg and Lausanne where he studied political science and economics. During this period he became a close friend of such members of the radical pantheon as Che Guevara, Malcolm X, and Ben Bella. (Ironically, Guevara once warned Savimbi against dealing with the Cubans because of Castro's racism.)

In 1965, with fellow Angolan Tony Fernandez, Savimbi drafted UNITA's constitution at Champ-aix in Switzerland. The constitution calls for a multiracial society, a multiparty parliamentary democracy, and free elections every five years. It is an unusual document in an Africa in which independence has often been followed by autocratic rule and reverse racism, and its provisions have been openly and consistently advocated by UNITA for the past ten years without the familiar lapses into self-serving rhetoric.

In 1965, with his education completed, Savimbi slipped back into Angola with a cadre of Chinese-trained Angolan guerrillas and labor organizers. But Savimbi found most Angolans unresponsive to his radical rhetoric, and he adopted more conventional means of attracting adherents. He solicited the support of traditional leaders and toured the countryside speaking to Ovimbundu railway workers and to his father's parishioners. Savimbi is a brilliant orator, fluent in four major Angolan dialects (and five European languages). His speeches, richly laced with proverbs and aphorisms, contribute to the widespread popular opinion that he is more of a native leader than Agostinho Neto. In fact Neto is regarded as more Portuguese than Angolan; under the Salazar system, he was classified as an *assimilado*, a colonized black. He has no facility in any of the native dialects and spent most of his life in Portugal pursuing An-



Angola as of December 1976

golan nationalist goals through his connections with the Portuguese Communist Party. Thus, as of 1975, Savimbi was by far the best known liberation leader in Angola itself, but was still relatively unknown outside Angola, having ignored the "hotel nationalist" cocktail circuit. Even the Organization of African Unity (OAU) seemed unaware of UNITA's existence until it signed the Alvor agreement, one of several unsuccessful unity agreements, with the MPLA and the FNLA.

Until his emergence from the bush at the founding of the transition government, Savimbi's support lay mainly among the Ovimbundu people of central Angola. The Ovimbundu, about 45 per cent of the Angolan population, are farmers and dock and rail workers. But the party leadership includes members from most regions, and it exhibits surprising strength in MPLA areas among union workers on cotton and coffee plantations and among miners and factory hands. Seven polls taken during the transitional period showed that Savimbi had the support of between 55 and 60 per cent of the population of Angola.

As we crossed into Angola we passed used-car lots full of trucks and cars—mostly Fiats—abandoned at the border by some of the 400,000 white Angolans who have fled. Accompanied by relay teams of guerrillas, we traveled for six weeks through eastern and southern Angola, an area called Freeland by the resistance. Savimbi had been all through the region from February to June soliciting popular support, reorganizing his party, and reconstituting his guerrilla cadres. About fifty miles from the Zambian border we came upon the outer rim of the complex network of UNITA base areas and villages which sprawls over half the territory of Angola.

Neto continually dismisses the guerrillas as a few scat-

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tered bands of traitors and thieves. Around the campfires at night the guerrillas listen with mingled amusement and irritation to the broadcasts from Luanda which report their imminent extinction. These same broadcasts exhort the local farmers to increase their food production: there is a chronic food shortage in Angola. But in the small villages of thatched huts with conical straw roofs, the elderly men and women who would bring us river water in gourds complained to us of MPLA raids on their crops and cattle. Many villagers have been forced to move four or five times in the past few months to avoid harassment by Cuban and MPLA troops.

Walking fifty miles a day over parched landscape with insufficient food and water under a blinding sun tends to bring political abstractions about freedom and independence into touch with reality. It is difficult for Westerners to comprehend this society being forged in the African bush from a dislocated population of city refugees and rural villagers. Ninety per cent of Angola's six million people lived in rural areas before the civil war. Roughly one-quarter of that population is now scattered in neighboring countries. Huambo, formerly a city of 250,000, today has fewer than 50,000 inhabitants. A missionary who returned there recently reported that the former citizens have deserted the city. "You can see the fires at night surrounding the city," he said. "I preached there for years and never suspected that the residents would join any armed resistance. But they are out there, on the hillsides, in the camps waiting . . . waiting perhaps for the day they may retake the city."

With a force four times the size of the present Cuban contingent, the Portuguese were never able to wipe out a less well-trained and less well-armed opposition

What is left of the city is currently governed by a Cuban general. In the rural areas controlled by UNITA, the dislocation of Angola's society is evident in poignant vignettes.

You run across extraordinary sights. A refugee from the city, now eating masonge, a gruel made from pounded maize, and picking the bones of a lean stewed chicken, sits at a table hewn from logs but draped with a white linen tablecloth. Some of the city people cannot adjust to life in the bush. Many, for lack of food and medicine, or because they are old or lack the necessary resilience, drift over the borders into exile in Zaire or Zambia.

In a handwritten letter we received from Savimbi, he wrote:

> We have thousands and thousands of people in the bush and they are not prepared to go back to the villages, the towns, and the cities which the MPLA control. Their plight is serious. We have to feed them. We think their presence as important as the armed resistance because the popular resistance to the Cubans is found among these people.

The influx of city dwellers into the UNITA camps has helped eliminate a perennial African problem—how to convey to the people an idea of nationhood. We met Angolans from the distant coastal cities of Lobito, Benguela, Moçamedes, and Luanda as well as from nearby Serpa Pinto, Luso, and Gago Coutinho. The residents of Freeland, old and new, perceive themselves as exiles in their own land.

And the principal enemy is the foreign invader—the Cubans, considered by many Angolans as the new colonialists. In an interview at his headquarters in central Angola during the last week in October, Jonas Savimbi remarked on UNITA's newfound optimism:

> The Cubans never fought anywhere. What they call their battle for liberation from the hills of Sierra Maestre to Batista's palace was really a picnic. The Portuguese knew how to exploit the terrain, the natural conditions, and the native population. The Cubans do none of these; instead they fight the people. Once they started to fight the people, they spelled their own defeat.

UNITA leaders and troops admire the Portuguese as soldiers, but even so, they are quick to point out, Portugal was for four centuries held to the coastal areas of Angola. Not until the 1930s did they move inland, and even then a third of the country always remained beyond their effective control. With a force four times the size of the present Cuban contingent, they were never able to wipe out a less well-trained and less well-armed guerrilla opposition.

YET, ON THE surface everything would seem to be going Neto's way. Internationally, Neto's Cuban-backed government with its Soviet arsenal has, since last February, been recognized by the OAU, the European Economic Community, the United Nations, and every country in the world except the United States and China. In April the MPLA reached an agreement with South Africa, their former enemy. If South Africa doesn't interfere in the civil war and aids, directly or indirectly, the stability of the Luanda regime, the MPLA will guarantee the security of the South African interests in the Cunene dam project and in the diamond mines in the Lunda district of northeastern Angola. In the north, the Gulf Oil Company, which had put its royalties in escrow during the civil war, is now paying them into Neto's treasury, providing roughly 60 per cent of Angola's current foreign revenues.

Militarily, UNITA is pitted against a force of at least 15,000 Cubans, an equal number of MPLA troops, 3,000 mercenaries from Katanga province in Zaire, and 3,000 Soviet-trained SWAPO guerrillas. (SWAPO is the group spearheading the liberation movement in South West Africa.) The Cuban and government troops are armed with Soviet tanks and MiGs, surface-to-surface missiles, and helicopters. Against this force, UNITA has a reported 15,000 guerrillas, armed with a wild array of weapons—Russian, Chinese, American, British, French, Czech—three radio transmitters, and, at last count, 34 donkeys.

It is not difficult to see in the Angolan military situation parallels with Indochina, where American troops—and the French before them—held the towns and the cities, and the guerrillas operated from fluid bases in the bush, striking out at convoys, tearing up railway links, and moving at night.

The situation around Huambo is typical of UNITA's overall strategy. The guerrillas in the area have mined major supply routes into the city and now conduct ambushes on Cuban-MPLA convoys transporting military

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equipment and supplies to garrisons there. On the November 11 anniversary of Angola's supposed independence, UNITA guerrillas blew up two trains in the middle of the city. In many cases elsewhere in southern and central Angola, we found UNITA encampments only a few miles from the isolated small towns held by Cuban and MPLA outposts. For example, there are 11 UNITA base areas, with a thousand or so guerrillas and many more refugees and villagers, encircling the town of Muie. To reach the town, traffic must now pass through guerrilla-held locations and checkpoints. The UNITA camps—usually in clusters of five or six, together forming a base—consist of numerous roughly constructed thatched huts with long bark strips marking the camps' perimeters. We were not allowed to walk unaccompanied outside the perimeters because the guerrillas have placed land mines in the surrounding bush.

To reinforce their garrisons, the Cubans run armored convoys through guerrilla-held areas. They use the MPLA soldiers as "gun flesh" who lead the way to make sure the roads are clear and to draw guerrilla fire away from the armored divisions. The Cuban forces in these garrisons generally remain inside the city limits, leaving the MPLA soldiers to conduct search-and-destroy missions that often take a greater toll of villagers and farmers than of UNITA guerrillas.

According to UNITA figures—which other sources tend to substantiate—the last eight months of fighting have resulted in over 2,500 Cuban and MPLA casualties

Since June, there have been five major coordinated military efforts to dislodge UNITA. In the past eight months, Cuban and government forces have swept from Andulo in central Angola across Serpa Pinto in southern Angola down to the provinces of Huila and Cuando Cubango. At times as many as 25,000 troops, supported by airborne assault divisions, armored cars, and tanks, have been engaged in these widespread offensives. The last of these, which began in southern Angola last September, was viewed as a final concerted effort to destroy UNITA's military effectiveness or, failing this, to eliminate its base of political support. The offensive ended up destroying many villages and slaughtering the cattle of the Cuanhamas and Ovambo tribes who, along with the Ovimbundu people, are the major meat and poultry producers in Angola. It also resulted in the flight into South West Africa of another 10,000 refugees. In late November, failing to achieve their goals, Cuban and government troops with their allies began a "strategic retreat" to the MPLA's northern strongholds.

According to UNITA figures—which other military intelligence sources tend to substantiate—the last eight months of fighting have resulted in over 2,500 Cuban and MPLA casualties, and the loss of a substantial number of Soviet helicopters and tanks. In addition, Cuban soldiers have been defecting to Congo-Brazzaville and Zambia. On December 21, 142 Cuban soldiers drove their military vehicles across the border into Zambia and requested asylum.

Photos by David Smith

UNITA soldier with Chinese machine-gun

When we were transported back across the border by an "underground railway" manned by refugees living in another land, we re-entered a world where political rhetoric camouflages the harsh realities of the Angolan situation. In the realm of valued public-relations campaigns, UNITA is powerless and without organization. But the MPLA argument that Angola lacks the proper technological expertise or is still struggling to mend the ravages of the civil war cannot account for the paralysis of Angola's economy and the inability of the Luanda government to muster public support. The Benguela Railway, despite government claims about its impending re-opening, remains closed to commercial traffic to Zaire and Zambia. Only military traffic sporadically inches its way toward Angola's heartlands. Periodic sabotage by UNITA guerrillas keeps the Benguela effectively closed. Construction on the hydroelectric projects in the south has been suspended because of continued military activity. The coffee crop in the northwestern regions has been destroyed by the FNLA who have in recent months re-emerged as an active guerrilla force. Only 20 per cent of last year's crop, mostly from stored supplies, will be exported. Ironically, more than 3,000 Cuban troops are currently engaged in protecting Gulf Oil operations in Cabinda from renewed guerrilla activity in the province. According to U.S. officials, only the oil operations and the main city of Cabinda remain under the control of the Luanda government. In central and southern Angola the people's refusal to ship their food products to government markets has resulted in widespread starvation and retaliatory actions against the recalcitrant farmers and cattle-raisers. Dried fish is currently the only source of protein for people under the government's control. Dock strikes and rampant absenteeism in factories have drastically lowered productivity.

Behind the media curtain, Angola is not a country grappling with the difficult problems of development but a nation in resistance. UNITA and, to a lesser degree, the other Angolan groups are fighting a guerrilla war according to the maxims of Mao, with the guerrilla fish swimming in the friendly waters of a receptive population. For this other Angola, the war for liberation has not ended. □

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CONTRACEPTION

Class and Race

NATHANIEL WEYL

EVER SINCE THE TIME of Darwin, social scientists have feared that deficient fertility on the part of the well-educated and intelligent was causing deterioration in the quality of the population throughout the Western world. Modern contraceptive methods, it was thought, accentuated this development. Writing in *Daedalus* in 1961, the late Nobel laureate in physiology and medicine, Hermann J. Muller, speculated that, with birth control available, the people with "the largest retinue of children" might be those who "are most lacking in perspective, . . . are unduly egotistical, or heedless of others' needs or shiftless, or bungling in techniques."

In recent years, sophisticated studies of the National Survey of Family Growth (NSFG) have cast considerable doubt on this line of reasoning. The paradigm that seems to be emerging from this work is that contraception initially widens the gap between the well-educated and the undereducated, since the former are quicker to espouse the new techniques and more adept at using them. But as contraception becomes more generally accepted and more foolproof, its use spreads through all strata of society and tends to narrow and perhaps eventually eliminate the fertility differentials among various classes and ethnic groups. This projection is based on earlier findings that there is considerable uniformity among the different races and classes in U.S. society as to the number of children wanted. Observed differences in the fertility of races and classes in this country are therefore largely the result of unwanted pregnancies.

The most recent of these NSFG surveys, released by HEW on October 4, supports the convergence hypothesis.

Between 1960 and 1973, the proportion of currently married women aged 15 to 44 who were using contraceptive devices when interviewed increased from 50 per cent to 70 per cent. When those sterile, pregnant, postpartum, or seeking pregnancy were excluded, 89 per cent were using contraception. Between 1965 and 1973, the proportion of wives employing modern contraceptive methods (sterilization, pill, and IUD) rose from 25 per cent to 48 per cent. This suggested a strong trend toward both more extensive and more effective use of contraceptive devices.

White wives were more likely to use contraception than black wives—71 per cent against 60 per cent. However, the gap was narrowing. Among white wives, there was no significant difference between the percentage of the younger (15 to 29) and the older (30 to 44) using contraceptive methods. Among black wives, however, 64 per cent of the younger group, but only 57 per cent of the older group, were contraceptors. Unless the trend changes, the percentage of black women using contraception will increase, that of white women will remain constant.

Black women were more likely to use the more modern methods of birth control than white women. Some 32 per cent of the white, but only 19 per cent of the black, contraceptors used such older methods as condom, diaphragm, foam, withdrawal, douche, and rhythm. The contraceptive-use pattern of Spanish-speaking wives was about midway between that of whites and blacks.

Thus, the broad picture suggests that the birth-control procedures of the two races are approaching convergence. However, the published study does not include unmarried mothers. Moreover, twice as many black as white wives (18 per cent *v.* 8 per cent) abstained from contraception for reasons other than sterility, pregnancy status, and desire for pregnancy.

About a fifth of both the white and the black couples included one partner who had been sterilized. Among whites, the incidence of sterilization was about equal for men and women. Among blacks, female sterilazation was 13 times as frequent as male.

The 1973/74 survey, which covered 7,566 women who were married at the time of the interview, showed that regional differences in total contraceptive use were not statistically significant. The proportion using modern methods was highest in the West (80 per cent) and lowest in the Northeast (57 per cent).

Only 61 per cent of the wives below the poverty line were using contraceptives at time of interview as against 70 per cent of those with more than double the poverty income. Of the below-poverty-line wives, 16 per cent of the older group, but only 9 per cent of the younger, were non-users for reasons other than sterility, pregnancy, postpartum, and seeking pregnancy. The corresponding percentages for the richest group were 10 per cent and 5 per cent. Here again, the gap seemed to be closing.

The poor were more likely to use modern contraceptive methods than the richest group. Some 28 per cent of the poor using contraception chose sterilization as against 23 per cent of the rich; 40 per cent were on the pill as against 35 per cent; 9 per cent of each group were using IUD.

CONTRACEPTIVE USE also varied with the number of births, rising from 58 per cent for wives with zero to one parity, to 77 per cent for those with two to four, then falling slightly to 73 per cent for those with five and more. Among contraceptors, only 5 per cent of the marriage partners in the first group were sterilized as against 30 per cent in the second and 44 per cent in the third. The survey also showed that only 4 per cent of the contraceptors used the rhythm method.

Over the past century, two specters have haunted demographers. The Malthusian specter is that population growth tends to exceed increases in food supply. The Galtonian specter is that advances in contraception and medical care tend to cause a deterioration in the quality of population. The first crisis is quantitative, the second qualitative. If contemporary American developments are harbingers of future world ones, the advance of technology may eventually resolve both crises. □

Among Mr. Weyl's dozen-odd books are Red Star over Cuba, The Creative Elite in America, *and* The Jew in American Politics.

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A PROPOSED REFORM

Voting more, enjoying it less. The U.S. has more mechanisms of direct popular participation than ever before—and yet Americans are more dissatisfied with their politicians than ever before. A proposal to rout the status-seekers

The Democratic Paradox

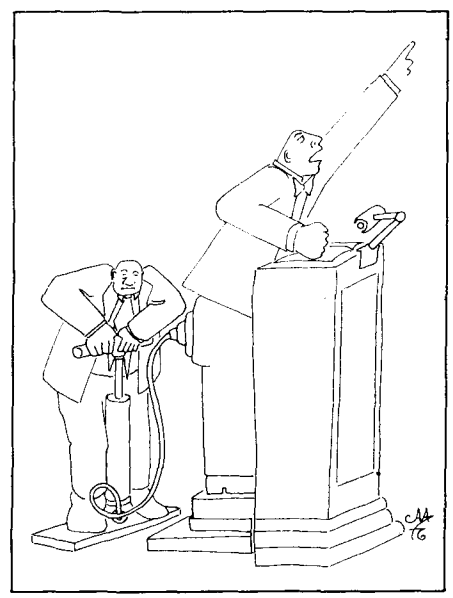
JAMES L. PAYNE

SPEAKING AT THE University of Chicago in 1897, Robert M. La Follette enjoined his listeners to "Go back to the first principles of democracy; go back to the people."

La Follette and the Progressive Movement claimed to be redeeming the traditional American democratic philosophy with their stress on popular choice; but their view actually represented a novel doctrine. After all, more than three decades earlier Abraham Lincoln had presumed that ours was already a government "by the people." But the democracy Lincoln—and the Founding Fathers—spoke of was a limited one. The connection between citizens and their government was largely indirect. An elaborate system of middlemen, opinion leaders, local elites, and party structures insulated citizens from their representatives.

The traditional American system of democracy was one of checks and balances, and one of the most obviously checked and balanced units was "the people." Citizens were the ultimate source of power, but their effect on government was cushioned and limited. The Progressives sought to change all this. "The people" were to be in direct, total command. No person, no structure should stand between the citizen and his government.

This doctrine of participation has dominated American political reform for eighty years now. Practically



every significant change in political structure in this century traces to this creed, from the direct election of senators and the widespread adoption of primary elections to the expansion of the electorate to include women and 18-year-olds.

Has the Progressive vision thus been vindicated? Consider the 1972 presidential election. We had more presidential primaries (21) than ever before. About the last political machine in the land, Mayor Daley's organization in Chicago, was soundly trounced at the Democratic convention. Both the Republican and Democratic candidates were nominated on the first ballot; there was no sinister "compromise," no back-room maneuvering. Suffrage was extended to 18-year-olds. The winner of the 1972 election got 61 per cent of the popular vote, one of the clearest mandates in the history of the United States.

Surely La Follette would have been pleased. If participatory government was good government, as La Follette believed, the victorious Administration should have been one of glorious accomplishment. As we know, it did not turn out that way.

The paradox is not confined to the 1972 election. Public opinion polls have consistently shown a dramatic decline in popular approval of our government and politicians in recent years. For example, a Harris poll found 42 per cent of the public expressing "great confidence" in the Executive Branch of the Federal Government in 1966; in 1975 the figure had dropped to 13 per cent. Richard Nixon's fault perhaps? But Congress has experienced the same decline: in 1966, 43 per cent had "great confidence" in Congress; in 1975 the figure was only 13 per cent.

The United States has more mechanisms of, and more opportunities for, direct popular participation than ever in its history, yet we are apparently more dissatisfied with our politicians than ever before.

The Status-Seeker

The conjunction of a highly participatory system and popular dissatisfaction is not merely a paradox; it is a predictable relationship. A government that attempts to place citizens in direct control of government policies and personnel will be, in the end, unsatisfactory to those same citizens, for two reasons.

One is that voters are relatively uninformed about candidates and, moreover, lack the interest, time, and motivation ever to become properly informed. As voters we respond to relatively superficial cues in our electoral choice: name recognition, party label, and those fragments of personal and

Mr. Payne is a professor of Political Science at Texas A & M University. He is the author of numerous books, including three on Latin American politics—a background which, he says, "is becoming increasingly useful in understanding American politics."

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issue-position information we call "image."

The second is less easy to understand, namely, that there are different types of politicians. We know, of course, that every man, and hence every politician, is unique. But what we seldom realize is that there are different general categories of politicians. Our tendency to dismiss the lot as "rascals" often blinds us to these differences.

I have spent the last 12 years interviewing politicians at length, both in this country and abroad, and from my studies a number of quite distinct orientations can be identified. Most politicians will fall along a continuum defined by two polar cases. At one end is the status-seeker. He is oriented toward publicity, toward becoming famous. He is a keen student of self-advancement and goes after gaining popularity energetically. On policy questions he tends to be superficial and opportunistic—though he usually projects an image of deep concern.

The Program-Oriented

At the other extreme is the program-oriented politician. His interest is in the management of public policy; he enjoys working on substantive problems. He is neither oriented toward, nor proficient at, generating publicity. He finds publicity-seeking both boring and a waste of time. His concern for responsible policy-making often leads him to oppose apparently popular measures which he sees have negative long-run effects. This program-oriented politician is more objective and tolerant than the status type and therefore is seldom perceived as a crusader.

One of the most important determinants of the ratio of status to program types is the bias found in the method of selecting public officials. Certain systems of selection favor program types; other systems favor status types.

When voters, who approach these decisions superficially, are given a larger role in choosing public officials they tend to favor status-oriented leaders. As I have noted, the status types are oriented toward publicity; they are energetic at acquiring name recognition; they calculate their policy stands to appeal to specific blocks of voters; they make conscious efforts to project an image of being energetic, concerned, and right-minded. Naturally voters will tend to prefer them to the quiet, hard-working program types who get less exposure, less name recognition, and who appear "lackluster."

The shift to more highly participationist structures, therefore, has favored the status-oriented leader. Several other changes in this century have further increased this bias. The increase in urbanization and geographic mobility has broken down the social groupings and hierarchies whereby voters get electoral cues from local notables and opinion leaders. Voters have thus become more dependent upon direct, candidate-inspired publicity.

Secondly, the rise of the mass media, especially television, has greatly increased the ability of the candidates to appeal to voters over the heads of local elites and party leaders. Since the status types are more adept at exploiting the mass media, the intrusion of this force has favored them.

Finally, the decline of party machines has benefited status types. Primary elections were widely adopted in the second decade of this century, but their full effect has been felt only recently. In the early days, party organizations provided the muscle for primary victories. With the decline of the patronage system and the local party organization, the primary has become an every-man-for-himself contest. And once again the publicity-oriented candidate is favored.

All these changes have had the expected result: the proportion of status types in politics has dramatically increased in recent years. My studies of the House of Representatives, for example, indicate that 1953 was the year in which status types began entering in much greater numbers than before. Over the following decade or so, as older members retired, status types came to dominate the House.

Status-oriented leaders have important failings which produce citizen dissatisfaction. I shall here note only two of these shortcomings.

1) In public discussion on policy questions, status types accentuate the negative. Evil attracts attention. It is because of this that TV documentaries tend to be biased and critical.

Politicians are well aware of this principle and consequently stress injustice and wrongdoing in the affairs of the nation. While some of their negative comment may be factual and objective, much of it consists of distortions, out-of-context revelations, a search for scapegoats. I once heard a senatorial speechwriter explain how he approached his task. "First you write what you think the senator ought to say. Then you add about 20 per cent exaggeration. Because otherwise the speech will fall flat; it won't get any play in the media."

We see where this orientation carries us as more politicians become more desirous of publicity: 30 per cent exaggeration to outshine the 20-per-center; 40 per cent to edge out the 30-per-center, and so on. Pretty soon the tearing down of the country and its institutions becomes general and widespread. The public comes to believe what it has been told: the country is mismanaged and its leadership corrupt. Politicians as a class lose stature from this type of scandal-mongering, but the individual politician who practices it gains in publicity and name recognition.

2) Status-oriented leaders tend also to be superficial on policy issues. They are not disposed to weigh long-term or indirect consequences. Electorally this posture is successful, for voters also respond to the short-term situation. They perceive the superficial politician as responsive, compassionate, and forward-looking. Many measures which seem popular or compassionate when they are first put into effect, however, turn out to be wasteful or counterproductive in the long run.

The "Informed" Electorate

Hardly a soul in New York today believes the city has been well-governed. Nevertheless, no one has governed that city who was not the choice of the people of New York. How did this happen? The politicians took the superficial view. They promised, and usually did, the popular, generous thing. New Yorkers now say the city has been misgoverned. But could a candidate who told the hard fiscal truth to the superficial, uninformed voters of New York City have won election?

Price control at the national level is another illustration of the same phenomenon. In 1971 price control was popular and appealing. Inflation was hurting. A Democratic Congress urged and a Republican President implemented it. How many politicians who supported controls had actually thought it through? The policy failed from every point of view. Not only did prices

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rise faster than ever, but dislocations, shortages, and recriminations resulted. The citizen, surveying the entire period, justifiably concluded that his government had failed.

But this same citizen would have voted against a representative who, as the TV commentator might have put it, "thought price control unnecessary in spite of the raging inflation." Had the citizen heard the full analysis from his representative he might have approved of the representative's opposition to the measure—but the possibility of voters' receiving a complete analysis takes us away from electoral democracy as now practiced.

Why Not Use a Jury?

A reform to improve the situation must move, I believe, in the opposite direction. It must reduce the proportion of status-oriented leaders who obtain office. To this end, the reform must remove the bias in favor of publicity-seekers which our system of selection now contains.

Such a reform, if it is to be practical and credible, must not challenge the reigning participationist ideology: it is too deeply, too widely held. A viable reform must be practical in other senses: it must not require significant legal or structural change, and it must be capable of partial implementation on a trial, experimental basis.

A tall order, it would seem, but I believe a measure exists which fulfills these requirements. By way of introducing it, let me return to the problem of voter information.

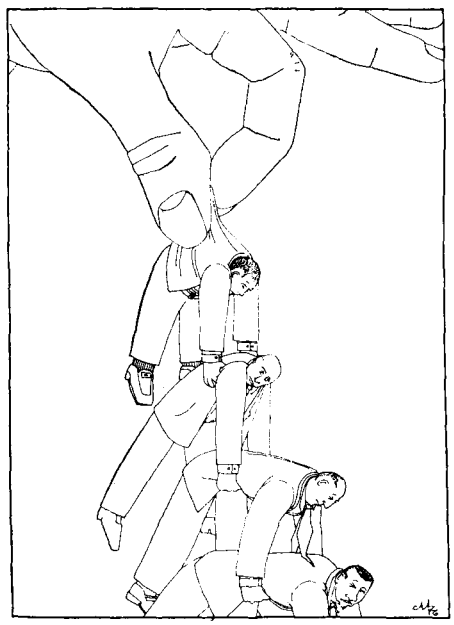
Participationist theory goes wrong, in the first instance, in supposing citizens to be highly dedicated students of politics, devoting many hours to the examination of issues and candidate abilities. Over fifty years ago Walter Lippmann wrote several books in which he catalogued the barriers to citizen information, ranging from distortions and condensations in the media to time limitations on citizens.

It is astonishing that we persist in paying lip service to the notion that citizens are or ever could be sufficiently informed to make wise electoral choices unaided. None of us believes this is true. If it were true, why should we not judge the guilt or innocence of defendants in criminal trials by popular vote?

Is Angela Davis guilty? Is Patty Hearst guilty? Let us decide these matters by referendum. Surely we were better informed about these cases than about the behavior of our congressmen in Washington.

No one hesitates in rejecting this idea. The general public will have made up its mind on the basis of prejudice, before seeing the evidence; most voters will have picked up only bits and snatches, taken out of context; the media, through selective reporting, will shape the vote. Citizens are simply too distant, too uninterested, too poorly informed to make such decisions.

But surely the selection of public officials is as serious as, and generally more difficult than, judging guilt. We seek men of sound judgment, objectivity, intelligence, and responsibility to manage the public affairs of the nation, yet we use a method of selection regarded as unsatisfactory for assembling an all-star baseball team.



The trial idea suggests an avenue for reform: Why not use a jury? Everyone in the community cannot become adequately informed to decide the lengthy, complicated questions of a trial; therefore, a sample of citizens is employed. The same logic can be applied to the selection of public officials. Place the task in the hands of a small, representative sample of voters and let them inform themselves in depth about the candidates. Then they can make their recommendation to the community.

The method might be called the jury nomination system. In broad outline, it would work as follows:

1) Candidates for the position in question—let us say, mayor of a city—would file, submitting a dossier on themselves as complete as they liked, including testimonial letters, issue stands, etc.

2) A jury of, say, 17 members would be chosen at random from the list of registered voters of the city. The jurors would be sequestered at a local motel, and paid for the week or so they would be in session.

3) The jurors would study the dossiers of the candidates, and then the candidates would be interviewed before the jury. The candidates would be permitted to bring witnesses both to testify in their favor and, if they wished, to testify against their opponents.

4) Through a process of voting and elimination, the jury would narrow down the list of candidates, and would re-interview the semi-finalists. Eventually they would make a final decision, proposing one candidate as their first choice for mayor.

5) The general election would be held as usual, the jury nominee appearing on the ballot along with any other candidates entitled to be there by the usual procedures. The jury nominee would be designated on the ballot as "Citizen Jury Nominee." This provision may require a slight legal dispensation in areas that now prohibit any additional information on the ballot—the only legal change this reform entails.

6) Sufficient publicity and popular acceptance of the jury nomination idea would induce enough voters to cast their ballot for the jury nominee to ensure his election in normal circumstances.

It Can't Hurt

The operation of this system obviously requires trained, impartial individuals to serve as moderators, bailiffs, court reporters, and so on. These individuals could be supplied by a Jury Nomination Association, patterned along the lines of the American Arbitration Association. It would be up to local civic groups to invite the Association to conduct a jury for them, and at least part of the cost would be borne by local sources.

This brief description of the jury nomination idea is sufficient to indicate that such a system does offer a practical solution to our present dissatisfaction with our politics.

(Continues on page 109)

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DOLLARS AND DEFENSE

Choosing Weapons

PETER S. LATHAM

I WOULD LIKE to take the opportunity afforded by James Burnham's October 15 column, "Choose Your Weapons, Gentlemen," to issue a challenge to those who, like myself, favor a strong national defense. Mr. Burnham observed that the Pentagon's "management methods are so fouled up that billions could be lopped off to its operational benefit," but correctly pointed out that the Right characteristically objects to any budget reduction.

Herewith some observations drawn from my experiences in representing clients with government contract problems. Specific reforms of military (and for that matter civilian) procurement practices must ultimately deal in too much detail to be of interest to the public at large, but there are general problem areas which should engage the public interest. I have set them forth below in the hope that sympathetic critics will be able to suggest practical reforms to strengthen the weapons-procurement process before others use its weaknesses to destroy it.

The three essential considerations in weapons procurement are quality, cost, and time. Goals can be achieved at the expense of the other two. Thus, higher quality must mean increased cost and time, while less time and cost will mean lower quality. Once the balance of quality, time, and cost is set by the planners, it is left to the procurement system to achieve the desired results. The following are the problem areas:

1. Does the free-market model apply to the purchase of weapons systems?

No. A weapons system, unlike a quantity of desks or pens, cannot be purchased directly and quickly from an alternative to the selected source. Thus, a contractor who cannot control his costs is not replaced immediately with one who can. Rather he is assisted to the completion of his contract by his customer.

2. Is useful competition obtained?

Sometimes. However, the government, as a monopsonistic buyer, often forces unreasonable contract terms, with the result that the low bid may be unreasonably low. Hence, such competition as exists may tend to force an award to the firm least able to perform.

3. Can valid cost estimates be prepared?

Overoptimism is a way of life in Pentagon procurement, from the initial estimate made to the Congress to the lowest quote offered. Accurate estimates, if employed, would lessen the number of programs adopted by the Congress and would likely cost a firm that used them any contract on which it bid. Perhaps the pertinent question is whether the weapons-acquisition process could survive accurate cost forecasting. Accurate estimates can, however, be constructed from the cost experience of comparable programs in the past.

4. Can the government manage a program?

Yes, occasionally. Most programs, however, must be conducted in such a manner as to include within the decision-making process considerations that have little to do with the program, because each program abuts on the prerogatives of some other agency or some other branch of the same department. The result is a loss of focus and control in the program.

5. How easy is it to enter and leave the government markets?

For many firms, entry and exit is difficult, because of a high initial investment in plant and equipment. These costs are paid for as items of overhead expense in the performance of government contracts. They are a major reason for cost growth, and they are not well controlled.

6. Why does anyone do business with the government?

One automatically answers, "For profit." Yet a recent Department of Defense study ("Profit '76") shows that during the years 1970 to 1974 the average profit on DOD sales was 4.7 per cent, compared to 17 per cent on commercial work. Why on earth would a firm choose 4.7 per cent over 17 per cent? Such a firm must either hope to acquire know-how in dealing with the government, as many firms did after World War II, or be so limited in opportunity or competence that 4.7 per cent looks good. That is to say, the nature of the business itself may result in a low profit (as in the electronics industry), or the firm may simply be less competent. Those concerned with procurement over the last eight years have noted an accelerating trend of withdrawal from government markets by major firms in all areas including both supply and construction. In short, the quality of firms willing to sell to the government is declining. It is essential to understand why firms will not bid and what motivates them when they do, first, in order to reverse the withdrawal trend, and second, in order to provide meaningful cost control and performance incentives for those firms that are bidding.

7. Renegotiation.

If the foregoing were not enough, all firms selling to the military are subject to renegotiation to permit the government to recapture "excess" profits. As a practical matter, renegotiation discourages productivity, because it assures the contractor that *if* his costs are reduced, his profit will appear too large and will probably be taken from him. The higher his costs, the safer he is from renegotiation.

THESE SEVEN problem areas illustrate that there is at present almost no effective way to control costs in a program, even one in which a substantial number of changes is *not* ordered (a world far removed from reality). It is time that those who care most strongly about national defense attempt to evolve economic institutions that impose a serious discipline on both government and contractors. The present system, in which the government obtains its terms on paper and then yields them in practice because it cannot afford to find another contractor, is counterproductive and, if not corrected by those who favor a strong defense, will be corrected by those who do not. □

Mr. Latham, a lawyer, is a member of the firm of Wachtel, Ross & Matzkin, located in Washington.

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LETTER FROM MEXICO CITY

Mexico has stopped holding its breath. Echeverría's successor was sworn in December 1. He inherits a country with an annual inflation rate of 20 per cent and an unemployment rate of 25 per cent. Tourism is down; land seizures are up

New Broom?

CARLOS UNTEL

Most of Mexico's 62 million people breathed a sigh of relief on December 1, 1976, when José Lopez Portillo was sworn in as 52nd president of the republic.

The widely disliked and mistrusted government of Luis Echeverría Alvarez had run its elected term, and Echeverría stepped reluctantly (and temporarily?) out of the limelight in which, his critics say, he had basked continuously, as close to 24 hours a day as he could make it, for nearly seven years.

Rumors of a last-minute *golpe de estado* to keep him in office had proven to be nonsense. Now Echeverría's protégé, and hand-picked successor Lopez Portillo, a buddy since university days, would see what he could do with the appalling social and economic mess he had inherited.

One of the many bitter jokes against Echeverria just before the change was that he had at least united the country. Earlier he had set class against class, the joke went, but now everybody hated *him*. An exaggeration, of course, but not a wild one. By common accord, the crisis in which he had left the country by trying to do too much too fast with a prodigious and wasteful expenditure of borrowed money and soaring taxes was the worst to confront Mexico in fifty years.

Public concern, simmering during several years of high-handed rule by an ever-growing bureaucracy, became outright alarm in the last ninety days of Echeverría's term. For 32 years the Mexican peso had been firmly linked to the U.S. dollar at the rate of 12.50 to 1. For months Mexican officials had reiterated assurances that there would be no devaluation of the peso. And then Echeverría devaluated it not once but twice, wiping out half the cash savings of hundreds of thousands of the nation's ablest people.

Another blow followed shortly. Ten days before he was to leave office, Echeverría, through his secretary of agriculture, defied federal court orders and expropriated 243,100 acres of Mexico's richest farm land from private owners in the state of Sonora, which borders Arizona. The land was turned over to 8,037 "*campesinos*" (peasants) who, while they were at it, confiscated some $32-million worth of livestock and equipment they found on "their" properties. (Shortly after Portillo took office, the judge whose orders Echeverría defied in expropriating the land ordered its return, pending trial of the basic ownership rights in court. The *campesinos*' leaders agreed with the court decision, but few of the *campesinos* seem to have left the lands.)

Only 14.5 million Mexicans have jobs, and 750,000 young people join the job market every year

Largely because of rural tensions, some created by scores of guerrilla kidnappings for ransom, and the rest by fears of invasion and expropriation, production of basic Mexican foods has sunk sharply in the last two or three years. Corn production in the 1974/75 growing period was down 31 per cent; the production of beans was down 21.5 per cent.

This combined with an explosive birth rate forced Mexico to import large quantities of cereals from the United States last year. That expense is reflected in the nation's growing balance-of-payments deficit: $3.6 billion last year. Further declines in farm production are inevitable.

"With these [newly seized] lands in the hands of poorly trained *campesinos* each with only a small plot, there will be a production crisis," said Pablo Castillón of the Sonora Farmers Association. "We are not planting now and if nothing is changed, production [in that area] will fall 100 per cent."

The crisis had developed swiftly. Midway in Echeverría's term people had become uneasily aware that their purchasing power was down. Since 1973 inflation has run 20 per cent or more a year. The regime added to the inflation by sharply increasing prices charged by its monopolies in gasoline (to $1 a gallon), electric power, and telephone services, and by authorizing similar hikes in a long list of commodities under price control, including tortillas, the indispensable food of the peasant. Meanwhile, the tourist trade was faltering, in part because of Mexico's vote in the United Nations denouncing Zionism as racism. Tourist income fell by several million dollars in the months following that vote.

Minimum wage rates were increased repeatedly (making Mexican exports less competitive) but buying power continued to fall within the country. The middle class, stuck with federal taxes comparable to those in the United States, and with prices for food, clothing, appliances, and automobiles far higher, was very hard hit.

People feared for their jobs. Unemployment in Mexico runs about 25 per cent and underemployment is still

Mr. Untel is a veteran foreign correspondent now living in Mexico.

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higher. Only 14.5 million Mexicans have jobs, and 750,000 young people join the job market every year. The inability to find work at home forces great numbers of "wetbacks" to enter the United States. Their numbers are estimated at 5 million, and Mexican officials shudder at the thought of their forced return. The poor old *campesino*, who makes up half Mexico's population, is as badly off as he was in 1910 when the revolution began that was to bring him "Land and Liberty." He has neither, and the government has no unoccupied arable land to give him.

It was not a lack of money that brought Echeverría's government to this pass. The government spent not only all of its own swelling tax revenues but billions borrowed abroad. Mexico's national debt soared from $3 billion to more than $20 billion late in 1976.

Where did all the money go? A lot was spent for useful things: schools, highways, dock facilities, hydroelectric plants, and the like. Large sums went to subsidize goods and services such as food, electricity, and railroad service supplied by government monopolies. Most of the rest went down the drain, however, in losses by an amazing variety of state-run enterprises, ranging from steel mills, refineries, airlines, and textile plants to hotels, restaurants, movie houses, barber shops, and even a TV program guide.

Under Echeverría, the number of government-owned businesses zoomed from 86 to 740. Many operate from plush offices with full-time press agents and swollen staffs. Money gushes away from them in torrents. In 1976 alone these 740 businesses required a federal subsidy estimated by the Centro para Estudios Económicos as 28.04 billion pesos, or $2.56 billion. Other estimates run much higher. Whatever the true figure, the waste is huge, and growing.

The men who run these state-owned enterprises are paid salaries much above those paid by comparable private businesses; they enjoy chauffeur-driven cars, interest-free loans, subsidized merchandise from company commissaries, and of course fat pensions. And one surprising advantage the state-owned enterprises themselves enjoy is first call on the savings of the Mexican public with which to finance their deficits. That comes about through a device called *encaje*, by which the federal government requires all banks to lend 52 per cent of their deposits, as received, to the government's central bank. The *encaje* then is used to finance government operations, including the losses of the so-called "decentralized" enterprises. The effect, of course, is to drain the banks of funds they would be able otherwise to lend to private business for the production of new wealth and new jobs. Many private businesses are chronically short of cash and must borrow from private lenders at extortionate interest rates, or borrow abroad.

Does Lopez Portillo have the skill, courage, and wisdom to reverse Echeverría's policies?

The chief reason for Mexico's current financial crisis, therefore, is that under Echeverría it sped down the same socialist road taken by England and Italy, to mention two conspicuous economic basket cases. Mexico's nationalized industries, like theirs, blot up enormous quantities of capital.

Luis Pazos, professor of economics in the National University, published a devastating little book called *Devaluation in Mexico* last October. It became an overnight best-seller, running through five editions in less than a month. Mexican officials, accustomed to obsequious treatment, were startled to read Pazos' indictment. Using official figures, Pazos compared the 1970-75 period (Echeverría became president in 1970) to that immediately preceding, and demonstrated that despite huge government investments and "interventions" (nationalizations), Mexico's rate of growth slowed down by 18 per cent. In addition:

1) Prices rose four times as fast;

2) Interest absorbed 41.8 per cent of payments on foreign debt, as against 24.2 per cent earlier;

3) Money in circulation ("which is inflation per se") increased 123 per cent;

4) The federal deficit was six times as high, despite increased taxes which today absorb 16 per cent of the GNP as against 12 per cent earlier;

5) The peso, even before devaluation, had lost two-thirds of its buying power;

6) The balance-of-payments deficit had quadrupled;

7) The price of gasoline was tripled in 1975, and has been raised another 25 per cent since;

8) The average rate of industrial growth was 23 per cent lower;

9) The average agro-industry rate of growth was less than half that of the previous period.

All in all a devastating record for a regime dedicated to improving the lot of the common man and reducing the nation's dependence on foreign goods and capital. The common man ended up poorer than he had been and the nation ended up more dependent on foreign creditors than ever.

But the bureaucracy, the new, nonproducing "golden class" in Mexico,

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grew from one million to one million two hundred thousand.

"This growth in the bureaucracy," writes Professor Pazos, "is one of the principal causes of the backwardness and poverty in almost every country on earth, not only in the West, but also in the socialist countries where the 'third sector' has made itself into an institutionalized and legal exploiter of the workers and farmers.

"It is the form of social organization rather than the difference in natural resources," Professor Pazos adds, "which determines that some parts of the world enjoy progress and abundance while others struggle along in backwardness and scarcity."

The new president, Lopez Portillo, is a tall, athletic man in his mid-fifties, bald on top, bushy on the sides, with heavy brows over friendly eyes. He smiles easily, speaks well, and has a good sense of humor. A former professor of law, he is well versed in Mexican and world history. He is a novelist, a poet, and he likes to paint. Men who have worked closely with him say that he is courteous and patient in discussion, but firm once he has made up his mind. Above all, in their view, he is no ideologue, and they do not share a common fear that he will be under Echeverría's thumb.

But Lopez Portillo faces a Herculean task in trying to put his country back in the black, even though not too long ago Mexico was the envy of Latin America. Skeptics point out that Lopez Portillo was a high official in Echeverría's government. He resigned as Finance Minister to run for the presidency only a few months before the currency debacle. Does he have the wisdom, moral courage, and political skill to reverse the disastrous policies of his old friend and sponsor?

The mood of the country is guardedly optimistic. Some of the estimated $3 billion withdrawn in the near-panic during October and November is slowly returning to the banks. And the peso, after falling as low as 28 to $1, has shown a good recovery, to around 20 to $1. The liquidity crisis, however, continues, and money for vital business investment is short. (The business community is demanding that the *encaje* be cut in half.) Treasury reserves of foreign exchange are still low.

The euphoria that accompanied Lopez Portillo's inauguration faded somewhat when his cabinet choices were announced. A large number of the old gang reappeared in cabinet posts or as managers of state-operated businesses. "He just shuffled the old deck around," one dismayed businessman said. "Some of those he kept were distinguished only for their ability to launch virulent attacks on business, the United States, transnational corporations, and free-market economics in general." But less pessimistic observers predicted that the new president would nudge some of the more radical "retreads" out of his administration once the most pressing obligations of politics and friendship had been met.

The campesinos have no interest in improving their land holdings. Many rent or abandon them

An increasing number of Mexicans, to judge by published comments, agree with Professor Pazos that at least two steps are essential to the country's development, especially now that the fountains of foreign capital are drying up. First, the government must get rid of most if not all of the enterprises it now runs so badly; and, second, it must abolish the *ejido* system of land tenure and give—or sell—farmers the land they work. A third urgent requirement is that Mexico's population time-bomb, now ticking ominously, be defused.

The *ejido* system which has prevailed in Mexico for sixty years is an undisguisable failure. It is retained, as a former secretary of agriculture admitted, "because it produces votes" for PRI, the ruling political party. Under the *ejido* system, the government owns the land and allows selected individual *campesinos* to work tiny parcels of it. The *campesinos* have no interest in improving their holdings, which are too small anyhow to provide a decent living. Many illegally rent their parcels or abandon them altogether. The government repossessed some two million parcels for those reasons last year.

The land can be made to produce well, however. Free small farmers, who make up something like a third of the rural population, regularly outproduce adjoining *ejidos* by three to one or better, just as farmers in the Soviet Union who till their own small private plots produce at triple the rate of state farms. Mexico can feed itself if agriculture is taken out of politics.

Drastic changes such as these are not immediately feasible in a country that has been drenched for years in Marxist and Third-World demagoguery. But Mexican opinion leaders are watching anxiously to see if their new president will begin to educate the people to the need for a new approach.

Lopez Portillo has, in truth, a lot going for him: an industrious people surrounded by a wealth of natural resources and with billions invested in a solid industrial, power, and communications base. Mexico has vast oil deposits of its own. In 1975 the country became again, after a lapse of years, an oil exporter, and at OPEC prices.

A rich income from that source, expanded exports made possible by the cheaper peso, and a revived tourist trade could go a long way toward balancing the books on the income side of the ledger. The president's main job will be to stop the hemorrhage on the other side. The question is whether he can do it quickly enough to keep Mexico from collapsing. □

Epigrams

Lupus the Rebel

Lupus is "against the Establishment."
Which means he lives in a high-rise
and pays no rent.*
(*He owns the building.)

Lupus the Marxist Millionaire

Lupus is always mouthing of "the poor
and the oppressed."
Why not? They keep him well-fed and
fashionably dressed.

Lupus the Sociologist

Lupus digs redskins, Puerto Ricans,
blacks,
And even a few whites (who live in
shacks).

Lupus the Abortionist

Lupus cries out against "genocide"
Except when he thinks Death is on his
side.

Lupus the Anti-Hero

Lupus dotes on his cowardice
And thinks of Descartes: "I run, ergo
I exist."

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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Becalmed

Pour le Sport

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

ONE OF THEM asked me if I had seen my whole life pass in review during those last few moments. The answer is, No. I saw those sturdy trees and did my duty: aimed the airplane between them, so they'd peel the wings off her back, slowly, slowly, giving a smooth deceleration.

Back in the Air Force—it's hard to believe I got my wings a quarter of a century ago—they told us to hit the trees just so, and with another refinement: don't get hung up in the rafters. Many a fine broth of a lad has put his broken machine into the treetops, coming to rest safely but a matter of thirty or forty feet in the air. Whereupon he has loosened his seatbelt in the jubilation of surviving the crash, only to fall, straight down, and break his neck. Hit the trees, they told me so long ago, about ten feet above the deck. My wife, Carroll, visited the crash site and reported that the two trees were notched nicely, ten feet above the ground. So far so good.

There are some peculiar things to report. The plane suffered total power failure not once but twice on that last takeoff. I had just raised the gear handle to start the gear retraction cycle. Two seconds later, by my estimate and also by the estimate of a witness on the ground, the engine quit. This is extremely critical: only two hundred feet above the ground. Wheel-well doors are popping open to receive the gear as it retracts. Great loss of streamlining, so the airplane tends to balk and sink a bit—and the retraction cycle requires about 16 seconds.

Habit of a quarter-century, drilled in by a thousand simulated emergencies, dry runs, dreams of glory, and skull sessions. Within a fraction of a second: right hand down to fuel selector, change from right tank to left tank. Left hand slaps top quadrant of second switch from left side of electrical panel: auxiliary (electrically driven) fuel pump on high.

Engine zooms back up to normal power output, a gorgeous rock-solid whine like a swarm of bees.

Thank God for that Air Force training, I say to myself.

And then she quits again.

Now flying, pilots tell themselves, is hours and hours of boredom interrupted by moments of panic. We have little tricks we use in order to keep the panic domesticated. We understate. When the student pilot asks us what'll happen if he loses his engine right after takeoff, we shrug our shoulders at the triviality of the conversation and allow as how, well, "It might spoil your whole day." Things like that.

So, when the engine quit for the second time, and I knew I was flying a glider, my very first thought was, "This is going to be an interesting day." It helps keep you loose.

Meanwhile the geography, long familiar, of this airport flashes in my brain. To the right, tremendous hangars (hard) and hundreds of parked planes. Ahead, high-voltage sequence-flashing approach lights, mounted on nice sturdy steel poles; and the access road, and a state highway, and the Interstate, all clogged with the morning cars; and beyond this, the reservoir, freezing cold, where I won't have a chance. Not a chance. To the left, patches of cleared land, patches of lightly forested ground.

My glider will drop out of the heavens at a rate of one thousand feet per minute. I start gliding with two hundred feet of altitude. That means twelve seconds to go before we land, willy nilly.

Carroll, a year ago, had the same problem, but about three hundred feet more altitude. Even though she was a green student pilot, flying solo for practice landings, she did the miraculous: declared an emergency, got the tower to chase all other aircraft out of the traffic pattern, and wheeled around and made a smooth landing on an alternate runway. But from two hundred feet . . .

I kicked the rudder and the aileron and stood the old bird on her wingtip. Normal rate of turn: three degrees per second. I turned 135 degrees in about five seconds. Found that clearing, too, and a couple of trees.

Nobody's perfect. I also found a camper-vehicle and bounced off its roof, and found a frozen sandpile that could have been murder on a collision course but instead gave me a boost and a faretheewell, and finally caromed into a parked fuel truck. Oh yes, a *fuel* truck. The kind that holds a couple of thousand gallons. For some reason it was empty that morning. Otherwise the smoke would have been seen in Japan.

I had traveled six hundred feet to the side of the runway. It took 35 minutes for the ambulance to get there, even though I was lying on a road—the road used by the fuel trucks that refuel the airplanes. It was a few degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and I was cold. Why so long to get an ambulance? Jurisdictional dispute. Private property. Airport boundary a couple of feet over thataway, in the bramble patch. Freeze, buddy. FUJIGMO.

THEY'RE ASKING me if I'll fly again. Pshaw, I've hardly begun. Dad cracked up thirty airplanes in his time. It's in the genes. My sons are fledging. My brother's boy has started flying lessons. My beloved Carroll has her license now, and has even gone on into helicopters.

Sure, let's go fly, sooner the better, even though another 25 years of safe operation won't be so newsworthy as a sheared driveshaft on the engine-driven fuel pump, in those few teetering seconds after takeoff . . .

Farewell, little bird: faithful wings who carried Jim Buckley campaigning around New York in that first and heartbreakingly homespun effort of 1968, wings that have lofted brother Bill (but don't tell Pat) in the Berkshires, that carried Milton Friedman around Michigan last October fighting for tax-limitation, wings that have shown my boys the abundance and beauty of this country from sea to shining sea.

My parents were of course deeply committed to scheduled airlines and never fully welcomed the little bird into their family. My magnificent mother told me, by phone, a few hours after the accident, "I'm glad *you're* all right, but I hope that damned plane is demolished."

God love her, she got both her wishes. □

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Where Something Is Taught

OFTEN PEOPLE, some students, some parents, write to me inquiring whether a genuine education still is to be obtained somewhere or other in these United States. I reply that although there exists no perfect university or college, this being a bent world, nevertheless I can commend certain departments and even certain institutions.

For anybody desiring to study English literature at any level, I recommend that department at Vanderbilt University. Ever since the days of the Fugitives and the Agrarians, Vanderbilt's professors of literature have been first-rate; and the department seems unabashedly Christian, too.

For politics and government, as distinguished from computer-operation and nose-counting, I entertain a high opinion of the present departments at Georgetown University and Catholic University. Standards there are high, sound, and humane.

For undergraduate study generally, certain colleges please me especially—for instance, the University of Dallas, Washington and Lee, William and Mary, Occidental College, the University of the South—both because they are pleasant places and because the curriculum is not decadent. And there are new ones with a curriculum that seems innovative because it is so rooted in tradition—among them Thomas Aquinas College (Calabasas, California) and Cardinal Newman College (St. Louis).

Sometimes it is wise to choose a college simply because of the presence there of two or three especially able professors. If one is interested in history, say, people worth studying under are Professor Roland Berthoff, at Washington University, and Professor Paul Gottfried, at Rockford College (at which latter institution Professor Peter Stanlis, by the way, teaches English literature).

At the liberal-arts colleges on a humane scale, undergraduates can actually talk with professors—not merely with teaching assistants. In the field of political theory, Mr. Gerhart Niemeyer now is visiting professor at Hillsdale College, as well as teaching one course still at Notre Dame University. Hillsdale also is acquiring, as head of its department of economics, Mr. Roger Freeman, long of the Hoover Institution, one of the very best scholars in that field. Whatever one may think of Antioch College generally, that institution retains Mr. Louis Filler, certainly a lively and healthy influence in American Studies.

The Decampused Campus

For those who would like to be decampused altogether, there is International College, with its office in Los Angeles. This unique recent creation arranges study throughout the world with well-known scholars, writers, artists, musicians, and the like; students live near their "tutors," or mentors, rather than in a teen-age ghetto called a dorm.

For *graduate* studies in many fields, of course the famous long-established universities continue to offer splendid resources and distinguished professors —Harvard, Princeton, Yale, the University of Chicago, the University of Michigan, and the rest. But *undergraduate* existence at such campuses—well, one might almost quote Hobbes on the condition of life for primitive man, "poor, nasty, brutish, and short." The humane scale was lost some time ago at such places; the undergraduates look sour and unhappy; often they would be more secure and find more moral companionship in the streets of Palermo or Fez. Don't go "where the action is," if you mean to improve your intellect.

Most dismal of all, for any young person seeking genuine education and genuine academic community, is Behemoth University: my collective term for the swollen campus, perhaps once a land-grant college or a normal school, which offers all things (except wisdom and virtue) to all delayed adolescents. Its curriculum, cafeteria-style, is a mingling of pop culture and pseudo-vocationalism. Its abler professors would like to be just about anywhere else. Its students would encounter more virtue and elegance if they dwelt in some low brothel; but since most of them are present only for fun and games, that really doesn't much matter.

Speaking of bordellos, Michigan State University, East Lansing, now boasts a "porn queen" among its student body. She maintains a B-plus average in physical education. This young lady transferred from Western Michigan University to East Lansing because she was offered the managership of an "adult" skin-flick cinema in Lansing; she has built up the volume of its business to $33,000 a month. Also she has bargain sidewalk sales of printed pornography; and she has produced on her own, with capital from the Bahamas, a delightful film about gang rape, drawing her cast from the undergraduates of MSU. As yet, MSU doesn't grant theater-arts credit for participation in this young woman's undertakings, but there's a fresh possibility for attracting freshmen and freshwomen to the Friendly Campus.

The Rape You Get . . .

To parents and others who pay the tuition and fees, this exhortation, from the musical *The Fantasticks*: "The rape you get depends upon the price you pay." With few exceptions, cheap schooling produces cheap, and nasty, minds. Real-life rapes are more frequent than cinematographic rapes at MSU; much to the chagrin of the authorities, the student newspaper reports them and laments them. Yet the streets of East Lansing are safer than those of Ann Arbor, where some 16 attacks on women (officially reported ones, that is) occurred during October and November alone. Once upon a time, students professed that their minds were ravished by learning; nowadays their bodies are violated by learners.

The rape, I repeat, depends upon the price you pay. So I marvel at parents who may have three cars in the garage and six-figure accounts with stockbrokers and nevertheless dispatch Sweet Sue and Beaming Bill, their offspring, to Behemoth U—because the charges there are somewhat less than at Our Lady of the Sorrows or at Bruno-Servetus University. At Behemoth U, if your body eludes the predators, still the lions (or the mice) will get your intellect. For the price of hi-fi equipment the child you save may be your own. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

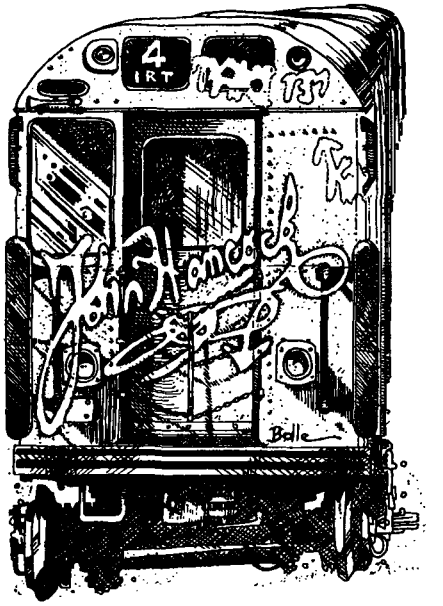
Graffiti

Subways have been my habitat: from age eight on up I was Mole Man, tunneling ninety minutes to school and back. Daylight still seems bizarre, overdone: perhaps even toxic. I sleep through it whenever I can.

Two decades ago subway graffiti were as crass, as brazen as front-men for a ten-buck massage parlor. With mute patience they taught us kids about the human equipment and its dark, unbargained-for potential. At 157th Street (uptown) you could write bird-and-bee questions on a certain billboard. Next afternoon, sure enough, you'd find comprehensive advice—often with two or three diagrams—left by some conscientious nocturnal Dr. David Reuben. It was a convenience: the kind of service great urban centers are expected to provide. We were grateful. Our parents, I suspect, were grateful, too. A parental account of acts procreative was couched so opaquely in euphemism and throat-clearing that it came to sound like Babu-English: like the instruction sheet on Taiwan-made model airplane kits. Sexual intercourse was, for all I could tell, something one *assembled.*

Five years ago I did a short-arm inspection of graffiti on the Broadway IRT. You can't go home again, baby. As I wrote then for the *Times* Op-Ed page: "Spiro Agnew has replaced Sweaty Suzy of 86th Street. Where once lewd physical addenda were sketched onto advertisements featuring young ladies, now the ubiquitous THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN sticker appears. . . . Grass and Molotov cocktails run better than 18 to 1 to sex . . . graffiti have gone political." And sex, when it did get the floor, was propaganda. I recall one anti-Vietnam graffito (blue-penciled from my *Times* article). It went: NIXON PULL OUT—AS YOUR FATHER SHOULD HAVE. Graffiti had been conscripted by the Left-liberal Establishment, along with every second mimeograph machine in New York. It was a joyless time.

Just before Christmas 1976, I retrospected my retrospective. The hypothesis I took along was sensible enough: with no great causes—Vietnam, Watergate—there would be few small effects. Graffiti, I supposed, had gone back to their ancient labor: educating another generation in the sly obscene. Wrong again. Half wrong, anyhow. I found all of one political graffito: ERITREANS UNITE, VANGUARD FOR AN ETHIOPIAN REVOLUTION WILL TRIUMPH. Once the two Eritreans in New York get together you can blot out that electrifying slogan. And, fifty days after November 2, there were no references whatever to Mr. Ford or Mr. Carter. That may have been the result of our new campaign financing law—no lapel buttons, no carfare for precinct graffitists—or of apathy: you guess. But, and this did confound me, I came up with no more than six very perfunctory sexual comments from Sheridan Square to Dyckman Street. In fact, there were almost no graffiti at all. It was, believe me, a cold, long wait between locals.



Temptation, Lord knows, had been afforded: on every platform at least one *King Kong* poster and one sensuous drawing of Bulle Ogier in the S-M film, *Maîtresse.* Circa 1960 some graffitist would surely have hung King Kong like a gorilla. No: he remains PG and eunuchoid. Bulle Ogier, too, had not been despoiled sexually. In six cases mutilation did occur: to the eyeball. As though graffitists were now a raven sort, after soft food, not titillation. That special business of graffiti—to engage the bystander despite himself through lewdness or demagoguery or wit—had fled New York along with legitimate commercial enterprises. Only one lorn aphorism piqued me. At 137th Street (CCNY) a new Keats had written above Ogier's latex-shod bust: BEAUTY IS HARD. All ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

BUT I HAVEN'T mentioned the controversial name-paintings. KOOLEY 161. CASINO 143. SCORCH 170. Not one—not one—subway car is without a five-foot-high Day-Glo mural. Personalized, you might say. Letters are tumid, run-together, like sky writing just before the wind explodes it. They have a lot of fans: particularly your liberal sociologist type who alone can arbitrate for us where vandalism will end, where folk art will commence. Strange art: all signature and no painting. And all alike, one style. As if each artist had been trained in the same megalomaniac's atelier. Style here is probably a function of medium: they are meant, those squat letters, to be seen at 40 mph, slipstreams of color. Name-leaving is an ancient tradition, but, I think, never—certainly not five years ago—so elaborate. There are feudal overtones. KEVIN OF 125TH STREET OR LANCELOT DU LAC: place defines us. SLY 168 and TAKI 137, you suppose, must get a charge out of seeing their names, billboard tall, on some elevated track. They are known.

Nino Lo Bello, *a free lance journalist living in Vienna, is author of* The Vatican Empire. . . . **Mary Effie Burnham**, *an Arizona émigré living in New York, makes her first appearance in* NR *with this review.*

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They aren't, though. That isn't even their purpose. Name murals, I realized, have an odd and intentional anonymity. The overlapping, hyperthyroid letters are more or less illegible: it will require painstaking effort to diagnose identity. At 40 mph no effort can be painstaking enough. Indeed, these aren't names at all. They're that peculiarly modern contraption, the logo: nonsense pictures which designate selfhood or thinghood by repetition. TAKI and SLY are *advertising* to an ignorant public. They have understood, subliminally, the tactics of mass-market PR. There is little difference—except in promotion budget—between TAKI and EXXON. Both are emblems, not words; both have been designed for the eye, not for the reading mind. It's rather pathetic, full of sad charm: a logo that has denotative value only for the creator (and maybe his five or six rival logoists). In 1750, say, inns were known by some symbol: a boar's head, a mitre. Then men learned to read. Subway art—and EXXON and Howard Johnson's orange roofs—indulge a new illiteracy.

And they aren't graffiti. Vulgar or belligerent, the graffito is a communication. It affirms our social context. Logo murals are private. They mass-market to the self; they denote a civilization of units. Without even language to concert us. □

PLACES

NINO LO BELLO

What's in an English Name?

PITY-ME, ENGLAND—Yes, the name of this town is enough to write home about. But then England is full of such places with huh?-names that titillate thousands of travelers every year. Breathes there a tourist-cum-camera who wouldn't snap at the opportunity of taking a photo of the signpost pointing toward Ham and Sandwich, which are within hiking distance of each other in Kent?

Some people travel to this country to enjoy the English scenery—and others to enjoy the English signery. There is doubtless no other country whose town and village names provide such merriment, and such conversation back home later on. You almost get the impression that Britain's counties are entered in a contest to see which has the highest concentration of original town names. If you're spending a few days in Kent, say, you can come across, all within 15 miles, Daniel's Water, Loose, Snailwood, Blindgrooms, Frogs, Priestland, Rat's Castle, Rumwood, and Great Love.

A GAME SOME tourist-camerabugs play is to collect matched sets of names. For example, with a little patience you can capture on film a number of "number" locations: Onecote, Two Bridges, Three Bridges, Four Oaks, Five Mile House, Six Bells, Seven Kings, Eight Ash Green, Nine Mile Point, Tennyson (that may be stretching a point), Eleven Lane Ends, Twelve Heads, Forty Hill, and Hundred End. Then there are the "unsavory" stops, like Ugley, Sewers End, Mudsea, Poverty-Hole, Helion Bumpstead, Crimes, Swine, and No Man's Land—all places whose names are given the lie by their charms. The same is true of the towns of Whip-ma Whop-ma, Cane End, Over Wallop, Middle Wallop, and Hurtmore Bottom.

Many of England's town names, which have their roots and meanings in the glorious past, are indeed amusing to modern eyes and ears. Some of them, in fact, have become the subject of regular jokes and gags. Perhaps the most punned-about town is one called Honeybottom; but not far behind in the wit parade are such delectables as Christmas Pie, Good Easter, Out of Sight, Seldom Seen, Drinkers End, and Come to Good. The last town even advertises itself with a sign: "COME TO GOOD, 1 MILE."

How about handles with an aristocratic ring to them? One could run wild with Keinton Mandeville, Ryme Intrinsica, Broadwoodwidger, Quaditchmoor Inwardleigh, St. Just in Roseland, Buckland Filleigh, Sixpenny Handley, Wenden's Ambo, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Heavering-atte-Bower, Okeford Fitzpaine, Chignal-Smealy, Toller Porocorum, Shaugh Prior, Mawgan-in-Meneage, Mappowder-with-Plush, Barrow-in-Furness, and Land of Nod.

Of course most people know about that town in North Wales called Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, which used to boast it had as many letters (58) as it had people. Several years ago the town changed its name to Llanfair, but after plenty of squawks from everywhere, it was changed halfway back: to Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, dropping 38 of the original letters. Those elongated train tickets with the original name have today become collectors' items.

Pronouncing some of these can be, to say the least, tricky. Woolfardisworthy is officially called Woolsry; Alresford and Owslesbury go trippingly on the tongue as Alsford and Usslbry. Warwick is Worr'k, Leicester is Lester, Chiswick is Chis'ck, Worcester is Wooster, and Cirencester is Sisster. Maple-durham, naturally, is pronounced Mum.

But the ultimate town name is to be found in southern England. After you've had your fill of such places as Germansweek, Clink, Turnerspuddle, Little Chart, Sheepwash, Black Boy, Boldslaves, Great Snoring, Small Gains, Labour-in-Vain, Black Dunghill, Toot Baldon, Nemphnet Thrubwell, Stow cum Quy, Stratton Strawless, and Haltwhistle, you know you've reached the ultimate in ye olde Merrie Englande names when you get to World's End. After that, what's left? □

OPERA

MARY EFFIE BURNHAM

Opéra Scientifique

A spaced-out opera called *Einstein on the Beach*, by Robert Wilson and Philip Glass, made its memorable U.S. debut at the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday, November 21. It had actually premiered last July at the Avignon festival, and spent the summer touring Europe. In fact, although Wilson and Glass are American, members of the cast claim that they have had greater success in Europe than in the States, getting a full house every night even in small provincial towns. Are Europeans smarter than we, or are they just addicted aficionados of the avant-garde, good or poor?

It was interesting to observe the crowd at the New York opening with that question in mind, and easily done since, although the audience was gathered and waiting outside long before the scheduled 6:30 starting time, the doors opened twenty minutes late—presumably to generate excitement among the Wilson devotees. There were some well-dressed older men and

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women present and some "just plain Americans," but the audience consisted overwhelmingly of beautiful arty-chic youth dressed in low-key but impeccably hip taste. The many Italian and French initiates were distinguishable from the New Yorkers only by their speech. But the show itself—would it be slick and superficial, slavishly iconoclastic? Was the venerable Metropolitan Opera Association attempting to deny her image, archly sporting platform shoes for the night and stepping out with someone half her age?

WILSON AND GLASS's opera was indeed novel—and also sensitive, haunting, and serious art. Because it includes music, *Einstein on the Beach* is a departure from the so-called operas Robert Wilson has been presenting since the late Sixties. Before this collaboration with contemporary composer Philip Glass, Wilson used "opera" as a blanket term to describe any blend of the arts; but *Einstein* is more a synthesis of theater and sound along the lines of traditional opera. However, like Wilson's earlier works, which were famous for their length, *Einstein* lasts nearly five hours, with no intermission.

The prologue was in process as we found our seats: a white square on the floor and curtain, stage left, formed a backdrop for two young women who sat on school desk chairs slowly moving their elbows and arms while a chorus in the pit sang, or chanted, "One-two-three-four-one-two-three-four." After a complete blackout, one beam of burning white light revealed a young boy standing atop a tall black structure: black background, black floor, a girl in white dances back and forth in a diagonal from the front of the stage to the back and to the front again. Her face is calmly determined and concentrated. Her arms jerk out and in. Occasionally the boy throws a white paper airplane down from his height. The music grows louder—amplified keyboard, winds, and eerie drone. Dense white smoke billows from the rear and a large paper locomotive slides in. The music intensifies; another fade except for one band of intense white light on the backdrop. Lights come up again, boy continues throwing airplanes, girl continues dancing, another dancer enters moving on the horizontal with machine-like robot twitches. A huge conch shell lies at the bottom of the boy's tower. A dancer enters, picks up the shell, and listens without moving as the other dancers move faster and more frenetically, running back and forth, bouncing like prize fighters.

Einstein on the Beach has nine scenes separated by five "knee plays"—i.e., vignettes serving as joints. The train motif taken from Scene 1 is developed in Scenes 4 and 7, and the second main theme—a trial—also appears in three scenes. The third important image is a spaceship: it is suspended overhead in miniature in Scenes 3 and 6 while a formally choreographed dance happens on the stage beneath; then in the final scene the stage becomes that spaceship—we have come from the nineteenth century locomotive to some huge flashing Houston control panel. This use of repetition makes everything more serious (since it is worth repeating for them, it seems more weighty to us).

Einstein appears throughout the opera: as a young man scribbling equations on an imaginary blackboard, as a solo violinist who wears an unruly white wig, as a young boy behind a misty window in a high tower. But where is Einstein at the Trial? Who is the defendant? A flask is suspended over the prosecutor. Is Science on trial? The jury sings, "Blame you, blame you. Blame me, blame me." At one point the defendant is Patty Hearst. There is a large bed in the trial room. At the end, the judge says, "The ladies of Paris . . . Her kisses can melt the gold in a man's teeth." A scrim painted with a giant Venus drops down in front of the trial. Two dancers spin.

Wilson's background included a career as a therapist for brain-damaged children and iron-lung patients. He was fascinated to observe through them the beauty of ordinary movements—the series of almost imperceptible degrees in sitting down in a chair, for instance, or in raising an arm. And so he learned to spread out the action, giving the audience time to really see it.

THUS THE OPERA has a meditative quality, which, paradoxically, is achieved by ceaselessly flowing activity—the whine of the orchestra and the violin, the chant of the choir, the chirr, chugg, spinning, running of the dancers. But all the while the faces of the performers are calm: they are on a carefully structured frenetic path, like particles surrounding a nucleus. This impassivity, plus the colors Wilson has used—tan, grey, black, white—gives *Einstein* a certain asceticism. But the fabric is shot through with levity at the same time—a sort of stately zaniness. Wilson kept his obvious gift for nifty "pop" observations suitably in check, but he treats us to an Elton John spaceman who swings from the ceiling in the last scene, sack lunches for the judges and jury, and sneakers for one and all. He realizes that it's healthy for art to get juiced up by the things around.

Meanwhile, the absorbing rhythm dissolves in explosions, puffs, sudden convolutions of the dancers' bodies. Like a computer: chig-a-chig-ching-a-BOOM; and a bell rings. The spaceman is replaced by Robert Wilson impersonating the spaceman—gyrating, and twirling his "laser-beam guns" (i.e., flashlights). People in glass cases, like pendulums in grandfather clocks, fly through the air or disappear through holes in the floor. The lights flash in the back like a master control panel for all the city's movie marquees. Philip Glass, hovering over his organ, plays on in the orchestra pit. The sequences are alike, yet different—juxtaposed dreams, dreamt by the same person but on different nights. □

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BOOKS

Scoundrel Time: & Who Is The Ugliest Of Them All?

WM. F BUCKLEY JR.

WHEN *Scoundrel Time* (Little, Brown, $7.95) was first published, in the spring of 1976, only the cooing of reviewers was heard. Up front, in the most prominent seats, they applauded so resolutely, so methodically, the overtone of the metronome teased the ear. Solzhenitsyn, in the first Gulag book, writes about how, during one of the terrors, Stalin's agents would fan out from Moscow to give speeches to the satellite brass, hastily convened in crowded theaters in the outlying cities to receive the details of Stalin's hectic afflatus. After the speaker was done, the subjects would break into applause, and the clapping would go on and on, because no one dared be the first to sit down, lest he be thought insufficiently servile. Indeed, rather than wait for the speaker finally to beckon the whole assembly back to its seats, on one occasion someone did it—stopped clapping, though only after a boisterous while. That man was spotted, given ten years, and shipped off to a prison camp—where, perhaps, he was given to read from the collected anti-fascist *opera* of Lillian Hellman. . . . It seemed for a while the reviewers would be that way all around the town—the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Commonweal*, *America*, the *Chicago Tribune*. Then . . . then, in *The New York Review of Books*, Murray Kempton interrupted his own paean to Miss Hellman to make a comment or two which, however gentle, quite ruptured the trance. It was as if, in Paris during the occupation, an anonymous arranger had, by fugitive notation, insinuated the motif of the "*Marseillaise*" into a great Speer-like orchestration of "*Über Alles.*" Others, after that, came rushing in. It would never be quite the same again for Miss Lillian.

Even so, one has to hand it to her. Though the book is slender, the design is grandly staged, in self-esteem as in presumption. To begin with, here is someone described in the introduction to her own book as the greatest woman playwright in American history. Now this is probably true. But a) Isn't that on the order of celebrating the tallest building in Wichita, Kansas? and b) Doesn't an introduction to oneself in such terms, in one's own book, by one's own chosen introducer, interfere with the desired perception of oneself as a hardworking artist ignorant, indeed disdainful, of the outside world of power-plays and flackery? and c) Aren't the auspices the most alien for making sexual distinctions? I mean, Garry Wills, the Last Kid, talking about the Greatest Woman Playwright as one would talk about the downhill champion on the one-legged ski team?

This is the first in a series of essays which will be appearing quarterly in "Books."

And here is a writer (Wills) introducing an autobiographical book by a woman who is publicizing now her complaint against an America that, as she might put it, victimized her because of her alleged championship of the regime of Josef Stalin. And what, then, does Wills go and do in his introduction? Quote from the author's pre-McCarthy works, to demonstrate the impartiality of her opposition to tyranny? Not at all. He goes on (and on and on—Mr. Wills consumes 34 pages with his introduction, one-fifth of the book), blithely—offhandedly—describing the era of Miss Hellman's travail as the era in U.S.-Soviet relations during which horrible old us, led by Harry Truman, promulgated a cold war against reasonable old them, the startled, innocent Communists, led by Josef Stalin. In *Commentary*, Nathan Glazer quoted from Wills's introduction: *"A newly aggressive Truman had launched the Cold War in the spring of 1947, with his plan to 'rescue' Greece and Turkey. . . . We had still a world to save, with just those plans—from NATO to the Korean War . . ."* And commented: "One reads such passages—and many others—in astonishment. Garry Wills [evidently] believes that Greece and Turkey did not need to be rescued, that one of America's 'plans' was the Korean War. It seems that he prefers the political condition of, say, Bulgaria and North Korea to that of Greece and Turkey." *That* introduction, which might have been written in the Lenin Institute, introducing *that* book, under the circumstances of Miss Hellman's apologia, was a venture either in dumb innocence (inconsistent with Hellman's persona), or in matchless

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cheek, on the order of Mohandas Gandhi writing his autobiography and asking General Patton to introduce it.

But the difficulties had only just begun for her. Is Ms. Hellman a nice guy? In a way, it shouldn't matter. A sentence from her book, much quoted, asks, *"Since when do you have to agree with people to defend them from injustice?"* By the same token, we shouldn't require that someone be endearing as a prerequisite to indignation at unfair treatment of her. But Ms. Hellman, author of *The Little Foxes*, is quickly spotted as being no less guileful than one of her characters. It's another case of Germaine Greer, filibustering against male chauvinism, while stripteasing her sexual biography across the magazine rack. Ms. Hellman, affecting only a disinterested concern for justice, twanging the heartstrings—with, however, more sleight of hand than craft. She had to sell her country house! She had to fire her cook and gardener! She had to give up a million-dollar contract! She had to take a part-time job in a department store! Her lover had to go to jail! If, unlike the earlier reviewers, you finish the book believing that you have read anything less than an episode in the life of Thomas More, you are either callous—or else her art has failed her.

She takes awful risks, entirely unnecessary. For instance, she exhibits hit-and-run contempt for Lionel and Diana Trilling—for the sin of believing in the sincerity of Whittaker Chambers. Nice people would have handled that differently. James Wechsler of the *New York Post* is denounced for being a *"friendly witness"* before the House Committee on Un-American Activities (he never appeared before HUAC: it was the McCarthy Committee, and Wechsler was hostile). Theodore White is dismissed contemptuously as a *"jolly quarter-historian"*—because he once wrote a book saying that Nixon was a complicated man (Lillian Hellman finds nothing complicated in evil incarnate). Elia Kazan, struggling to appease his conscience, in revolt now against his earlier complicity with the Communist movement, took a full page in the *New York Times* to run his palinode—characterized by Miss Hellman as *"pious shit."*

All in all, her performance is about as ingratiating as a post-Watergate speech by Richard Nixon, and so we quite understand it when Murray Kempton is driven to saying, in concluding his review, that, really, he would not want Lillian Hellman "overmuch as a comrade." Thus, the scaffolding of the book is pretty shaky. It is, after all, implicitly entitled, "*The Heroism of Lillian Hellman during the Darkest Days of the Republic*, by Lillian Hellman." It would have been a little seemlier if her book had gone out as: "*Scoundrel Time*, by Lillian Hellman, as told to Garry Wills." Or—why not just "*Scoundrel Time: How Lillian Hellman Held Her Finger in the Dike and Saved American Freedom and Self-Respect*, by Garry Wills"? He would not have needed to increase the size of his contribution by all that much. In any event—an artistic point, and with apologies to Burke—this martyr, to be loved, should be lovelier.

THEN THERE is the problem of factual accuracy, best captured in the author's unguarded reference to Whittaker Chambers and the pumpkin papers.

Here is what Miss Hellman wrote:

"Facts are facts—and one of them is that a pumpkin, in which Chambers claimed to have hidden the damaging evidence against Hiss, deteriorates."

Now here is a sentence that might have been written by Eleanor Roosevelt. It sounds strange coming from the greatest woman playwright in American history, and is incredible when proffered in support of the proposition that facts are facts.

Yes, it is a fact that pumpkins deteriorate.

But they do not deteriorate appreciably overnight, which is how long the Hiss films reposed in the pumpkin.

As for *"in which Chambers claimed to have hidden . . ."* nobody questions that Chambers hid the films there, not even Alger Hiss. Not even Stalin. Nor could she have intended to write, *"in which Chambers hid the allegedly damaging evidence."* Because it wasn't *allegedly* damaging, it was just plain damaging, which indeed is why all the fuss. The films went a long way to establish Chambers'

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST OF THE JANUARY CROP: The Rosenbergs were innocent, so was Hiss; so was Bruno Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnapper—and so was Boss Tweed, according to *Tweed's New York: Another Look* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $12.50) by Leo Hershkowitz. Next thing you know, Abe Beame will be exonerated. . . . If you liked his recent *NR* review of *A Welfare Mother*, you'll absolutely *love* John Greenway's *The American Tradition: A Gallery of Rogues* (Mason/Charter, $8.95). . . . Kay Summersby Morgan, who served as General Eisenhower's driver during World War II, finished *Past Forgetting: My Love Affair with Dwight D. Eisenhower* (Simon and Schuster, $9.95) before she died a year ago. Actually, the affair was never consummated because Ike, Mrs. Morgan says, was impotent. . . . Robert M. Crunden is the editor of *The Superfluous Men: Conservative Critics of American Culture, 1900-1945* (University of Texas Press, $14.95), an anthology of the writings of people like T. S. Eliot, Santayana, and H. L. Mencken, all chosen to exemplify Crunden's thesis that conservatism is not static but innovative. Bless you, Mr. Crunden! . . . Matthew J. Bruccoli, the author of a biography of John O'Hara, has pasted together *An Artist Is His Own Fault: John O'Hara on Writers and Writing* (Southern Illinois University Press, $8.95). . . . Lawrence Thompson received a Pulitzer for the first two volumes of his Frost biography, but died before he could complete research on the third and last. His protégé at Princeton, however—Mr. R. H. Winnick—finished off that research and wrote the book: *Robert Frost: The Later Years, 1938-1963* (Holt, Rinehart, $16.95). . . . In *The Fall of Public Man* (Knopf, $15), Richard Sennett argues that the "other-directed" man is actually growing more "inner-directed": that impersonal civility is being replaced by so-called "intimacy" and "authenticity." . . . *The Luparelli Tapes: The True Story of the Mafia Hitman Who Contracted to Kill Both Joey Gallo and His Own Wife* (Playboy Press, $8.95) by Paul S. Meskil, crime reporter for the *New York Daily News*, recounts how Luparelli delivered on the first contract, but defaulted with the second to the FBI.

■ THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION: Alva Myrdal, wife of Gunnar Myrdal and the Swedish delegate to the Geneva Disarmament Committee, discerns the truth: "Behind their outwardly often fierce disagreements . . . there has always been a secret and undeclared collusion between the superpowers. Neither of them has wanted to be restrained by effective disarmament measures," when they can go "gaming over a passive Europe" and bullying the underdeveloped countries. All this and more in *The Game of Disarmament: How the United States and Russia Run the Arms Race* (Pantheon, $15).

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credibility, and therefore the guilt of Hiss. What she presumably *meant* to write was, *"in which Chambers hid the damaging but, it now turns out, meaningless evidence."* Earlier in the book she had constructed an explanatory footnote from which the sentence in question coasted, to wit: *"In 1975 the secret pumpkin papers were found to contain nothing secret, nothing confidential. They were, in fact, non-classified, which is Washington's way of saying anybody who says please can have them."*

FACTS ARE indeed facts. But Miss Hellman's rendition of the facts caught the attention of one of her fans, Congressman Edward Koch of Manhattan. He read her book, and wrote the author a letter of fawning praise reciting his own sustained effort to kill the House Committee on Un-American Activities. But Edward Koch has a streak of Yankee inquisitiveness, even as it is advertised about Miss Hellman that she is curious. John Hersey has written about her—his dear friend—"Miss Hellman's powers of invention are fed by her remarkable memory and her ravenous curiosity. Her father once said she lived 'within a question mark.' She defines culture as 'applied curiosity.' She is always on what she calls 'the find-out kick.' " Well, not quite always. Not on those occasions when she begins a paragraph with the phrase, "Facts are facts." (Like the *Daily World*'s ritual introduction of a lie: "As is well known . . .")

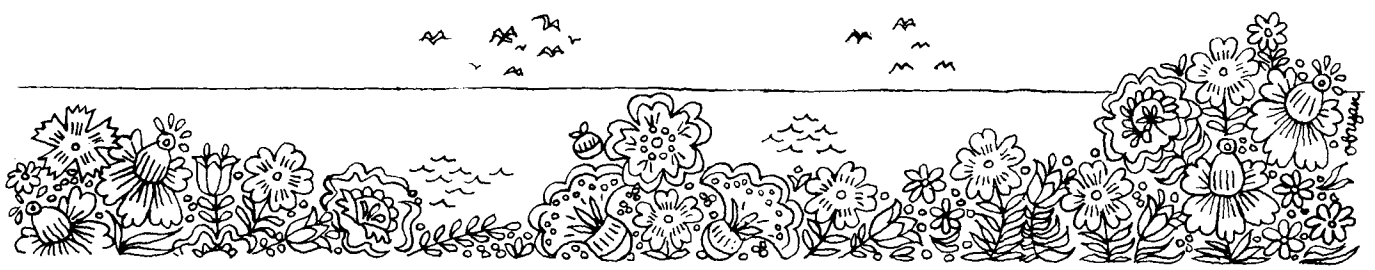
Congressman Koch wrote to the Library of Congress to ask about Miss Hellman's description of the pumpkin papers, and simultaneously wrote to Miss Hellman asking for an elucidation. The lady who lives within a question mark didn't reply. But the lady at the Library of Congress did. As follows: "The footnote statement is inaccurate. On July 31, 1975, Alger Hiss was permitted to see the 'pumpkin papers,' which consist of five rolls of microfilm. One roll, as Mr. Kelly reports, was 'completely light-fogged.' Two other rolls were pages from apparently unclassified Navy technical manuals. The other two rolls, however, contained Government documents 'relating to U.S.-German relations before World War II and cables from U.S. observers in China.' Documents in these two rolls were marked highly confidential. Of the five rolls of microfilm, only these latter two had been used as evidence against Hiss in the trial which led to his conviction for perjury in 1950."

Miss Hellman's reputation as a literary precisionist (she is said to write and rewrite her plays four, six, ten, twelve times) leads one to expect a cognate precision in those of her books and articles that bid for the moral attention of the Republic: so that one is inclined to take literally such a statement by her as, *"Certainly nobody in their* [*sic*] *right mind could have believed that the China experts, charged and fired by the State Department, did any more than recognize that Chiang Kai-shek was losing."*

But whom is she referring to? Who is it who was *"charged and fired"* by the State Department for such an offense? The controversial John Carter Vincent was three times *cleared* by the State Department's Loyalty Security Board, and when the Civil Service Loyalty Review Board found against him, Dulles *overruled* that Board, though accepting Vincent's resignation. McCarthy's target, John Paton Davies, was *cleared* by the State Department. John Stewart Service was, granted, finally dropped by the State Department, but only because the Civil Service Loyalty Review Board ruled against him, not the State Department's board, which repeatedly cleared him. And Service was otherwise engaged than merely as a diplomatic technician predicting the ascendancy of Mao. His emotions in the matter were hardly concealed. He had provided his superiors, from the field in China, such information as that "Politically, any orientation which the Chinese Communists may once have had toward the Soviet Union seems to be a thing of the past . . . they are carrying out democratic policies which they expect the United States to approve and sympathetically support." And Service's case was further complicated when he was arrested for passing along classified documents to the editor of *Amerasia*, a Communist-front publication. But of course the principal architect of our China policy, singled out by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, hadn't even been a member of the State Department, exercising his influence on policy through the Institute for Pacific Relations. The blurb printed on Owen Lattimore's book *Solution in Asia* went further than merely to predict the downfall of the Kuomintang. "He showed," the book's editors compressed the author's story, "that all the Asiatic people are more interested in actual democratic practices such as the ones they can see in action across the Russian border, than they are in the fine theories of Anglo-Saxon democracies which come coupled with ruthless imperialism. He inclines to support American newspapermen who report that the only real democracy in China is found in Communist areas."

WE HAVE learned about democracy in the Communist world. What have we learned about Miss Hellman's credibility?

Nor is she entirely candid in describing the nature or extent of her own involvement with the Soviet Union. She vouchsafes, in a subordinate clause that could be interpreted as contritional, only this much: *"Many* [American intellectuals] *found in the sins of Stalin Communism—and there were plenty of sins and plenty that for a long time I mistakenly denied—the excuse to join those who should have been their hereditary enemies."* (Interesting, that one. Is she talking about American Jewish socialist anti-Communists? Who else?) Later she says, *"I thought that in the end Russia, having achieved a state socialism, would stop its infringements on personal liberty. I was*



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wrong." Isn't there something there on the order of, "I thought that, on buying the contract of Mickey Mantle, the Yankees would go on to win the World Series. I was wrong . . ."? But the ritualistic apology was not enough to satisfy. Soon after Mr. Kempton broke the spell, one began to notice the misgivings of others. William Phillips in *Partisan Review*, Melvin Lasky in *Encounter*, Nathan Glazer in *Commentary*, most notably Hilton Kramer in the *New York Times* (ardently defended by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in the letters section), and even Irving Howe, in *Dissent.*

FORSOOTH, Lillian Hellman's involvement in the Communist movement was not comprehensively divulged in her offhanded remarks about her concern for justice and peace, and her stated disinclination for politics. Miss Hellman went to Russia for the first time in 1937, where her ravenous curiosity caused her to learn enough about the Soviet system to return to the United States confidently to defend Stalin's purges and denounce John Dewey and his commission for finding Stalin guilty of staging the show trials during the great purge. She devoted much of her professional career during that period to dramatizing the evil of brown fascism. *Watch on the Rhine*, staged in 1941, is devoted to the proposition that *"the death of fascism is more desirable than the lives and well-being of the people who hate it."* When, a quarter-century later, in 1969, she criticized, in a letter to the *New York Times*, the novelist Kuznetsov for fleeing Russia and seeking asylum in England, having first secured an exit visa by "cooperating" with the Soviet Union by giving an obviously fabricated and useless deposition against fellow dissidents, Kuznetsov replied that Miss Hellman's attack on him, "like that of a few others," was "prompted by some surviving illusions about Russia." "The Soviet Union," he explained to Miss Hellman, "is a fascist country. What is more, its fascism is much more dangerous than Hitler's. It is a country which is living in Orwellian times. . . . Tens of millions of bloody victims, a culture destroyed, fascist antisemitism, the genocide of small nations, the transformation of the individual into a hypocritical cipher, Hungary, Czechoslovakia. In literature—nothing but murder, suicides, persecution, trials, lunatic asylums, an unbroken series of tragedies from Gumilev to Solzhenitsyn. Is that really not enough?" There is no recorded reaction from Miss Hellman.

During the war, she traveled to the Soviet Union and was received there as a celebrity. She returned the hospitality in first-rate mint: an article in *Collier's* magazine about the heroism of the Russian people and the Russian soldiers. In that article there is a passage of triumphant irony. She has been implored by her guide to ask more questions. She records her reply: *"I said, 'The first week I was in the Soviet Union I found out that if I did not ask questions, I always got answers. . . . Tell your people to tell me what they want to. I will learn more that way.'"* (Life within a question mark.) And, indeed, she learned everything Stalin and his agents wanted her to learn, and came back to America to share her knowledge, and to despise those of her fellow Americans who insisted on asking questions.

In 1948 and 1949 she was, for a non-politician, very active. She backed Henry Wallace's bid for the Presidency on the Progressive Party ticket, and was visibly amused on being asked privately by poor old Mortimer Snetd if it were true that there were Communists in positions of power in his party. *"It was such a surprising question that I laughed and said most certainly it was true."* She then put in a call, convening the top Communists in the Progressive Party, and said to them at that meeting, Look, why don't you go paddle your own canoe in your own party? There cannot have been such dumb amazement in Christendom since Lady Astor asked Stalin when would he stop killing people.

A few months later, Lillian Hellman played a big role in the famous Waldorf Conference—the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace. In her book, her running guard Mr. Wills treats most fiercely those who attended the meeting for the purpose of "disrupting" it—such redbaiters as Mary McCarthy and Dwight Macdonald, and officials of the Americans for Democratic Action who, at a press conference, raised with the wretched Russian superpawn, Dmitri Shostakovich, head of the Soviet delegation, questions about the fate of his cultural and scientific colleagues back home, Russian writers, intellectuals, and musicians who had disappeared from sight after the most recent choler of Josef Stalin. Miss Hellman does not allude to any of this. Her quarrel with American intellectuals is over their failure to devote the whole of their time to criticizing J. Parnell Thomas. Presumably, criticism of Stalin could wait until Miss Hellman was personally satisfied that, now that he had established state socialism, he had in fact failed to introduce human freedom.

Indeed, her attitude is ferocious toward those who, looking back on their complicity with Communism, wondered more inventively than she how to make amends. By writing books? (Koestler.) Cooperating with congressional committees? (Kazan.) Doing both? (Chambers.) Miss Hellman, who wrote about how the cause of anti-fascism was bigger than anything, seemed to have lost interest in tyranny, preoccupied now with her material well-being, and that of Dashiell Hammett, her relation with whom is jovially described by one reviewer—"She was then and had long been a friend of Dashiell Hammett—more than a friend: a wife, off and on, but for the paperwork." In that spirit one could say that thus had been Lillian Hellman's relations with the Communist movement—a marriage, but for the paperwork. If one feels that paperwork, the formal exchange of vows, is essential to a sacramentally complete union, then perhaps

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Lillian Hellman was not married to the Communist movement any more than she was married to Dashiell Hammett. But the investigating committees, like Miss Hellman's reviewers, were interested in de facto relations.

So off she went to Washington, for her great moment before the congressional committee. There has not been such a prologue since the *Queen Mary* weighed anchor in Manhattan in order to move to Brooklyn. Her device was simple. She wrote to the committee to say she would not answer questions about anybody's activities other than her own, and unless the committee agreed not to ask such questions, she would take the Fifth Amendment. Implicit in her position was her sacred right to be the sole judge of whether her acquaintances in the Communist world were engaged in innocent activity. The committee of course declined to permit her to define the committee's mandate, so she took the Fifth, and wants us to celebrate her wit and courage every 25 years. The committee treated her with civility, did not ask Congress to hold her in contempt, and is hardly responsible for the decline in her commercial fortunes. She, not the committee, dictated the script that got her into trouble with Hollywood.

YET THE LADY is obsessed with the fancy that she and her common-law husband were specific victims of the terror. "Dash" floats in and out of the book disembodiedly, but always we are reminded that he actually spent time in jail —for refusing to divulge the names of the financial patrons of the Civil Rights Congress, a Communist front (Dashiell Hammett was not a dupe, at least not in the conventional sense: he was a Communist). Miss Hellman makes a great deal of his victimization. Murray Kempton, who would not send Caligula to prison, at this point has had enough. He writes, "We do not diminish the final admiration we feel owed to Dashiell Hammett when we wonder what he might have said to Miss Hellman on the night he came home from the meeting of the board of the Civil Rights Congress which voted to refuse its support to the cause of James Kutcher, a paraplegic veteran who had been discharged as a government clerk because he belonged to the Trotskyite Socialist Workers Party. But then Hammett was a Communist and it was an article of the Party faith that Leon Trotsky, having worked for the Emperor of Japan since 1904, had then improved his social standing by taking employment with the Nazis in 1934. Thus any member of the Socialist Workers Party could be considered by extension to be no more than an agent of Hitler's ghost. Given that interpretation of history, Paul Robeson spoke from principle when a proposal to assist the Trotskyite Kutcher was raised at a public meeting of the Civil Rights Congress. Robeson drove it from the floor with a declaration to the effect that you don't ask Jews to help a Nazi or Negroes to help the KKK." The voice of Paul Robeson lives on, speaking from the same principle: "Oct. 7, 1976, Lillian Hellman, author and dramatist, will receive the third annual Paul Robeson Award tomorrow at 12:30. The award is presented by the Paul Robeson Citation Committee of Actors' Equity for 'concern for and service to fellow humans.' "

The self-pity reaches paranoia. Edmund Wilson once wrote an entire book the thesis of which silts up as suggesting that we went to war in Vietnam for the sole purpose of increasing his income tax. Miss Hellman is vaguer on the subject of motivation, but denies her reader any explanation for bringing the matter up at all, leaving us to suppose that Somebody in Washington singled her and Dash out for Special Treatment. Thus Hammett goes to jail for contempt of Congress (for six months). *"That was a tough spring, 1952. There were not alone the arrangements for my appearance before the Committee, there were other kinds of trouble. Hammett owed the Internal Revenue a great deal of back taxes: two days after he went to jail they attached all income from books, radio, or television, from anything. He was, therefore, to have no income for the remaining ten years of his life. . . . That made me sad."* And again, *"Never in the ten years since the Internal Revenue cut off his income—two days after he went to jail—did he ever buy a suit or even a tie."* As for herself, *"Money was beginning to go and go fast. I had gone from earning a hundred and forty thousand a year (before the movie blacklist) to fifty and then twenty and then ten, almost all of which was taken from me* [note, "taken from me"] *by the Internal Revenue Department, which had come forward with its claim on the sale of a play that the previous Administration had seemingly agreed to."*

La Précisionniste rides again. a) It is, of course, the Internal Revenue *Service*, not Department; b) if she means to say that her companion Dashiell Hammett should have been excused from paying the same taxes other people pay on equivalent income (perhaps because, as a Communist, he was entitled to preferential treatment?), then let her *say* that; c) the IRS doesn't "agree" to the sale of a play, but might have agreed to accept a taxation base: in any event, the tax levied by IRS was on profit; to say nothing of the fact that d) Lillian Hellman is not Vivien Kellems' sister. The latter was the authentic American Poujadiste, and when *she* complained about taxes, she spoke from the bowels of principle. When Lillian Hellman complains about high taxes, she is complaining about the monster she suckled.

WHAT DOES one go on to say about a book so disorderly, so tasteless, guileful, self-enraptured? The disposition to adore her, feel sorry for her, glow in the vicarious thrill of her courage and decency (her favorite word, "decency": she is apolitical now, she says, desiring only "decency") runs into hurdle after hurdle in the obstacle course of this little book. Consider. It is 1952, and she is living in her townhouse in New York, and the buzzer rings. *"An over-respectable-looking black man . . . stood in the elevator, his hat politely removed. He asked me if I was Lillian Hellman. I agreed to that and asked who he was. He handed me an envelope and said he was there to serve a subpoena from the House Un-American Activities Committee. I opened the envelope and read the subpoena. I said, 'Smart to choose a black man for this job. You like it?' and slammed the door."*

Ah, the decent of this earth. The same lady who in her book tells us that she will not style her life to political fashion, now refers to her visitor, back in 1952, as "black," when of course that word was unused in 1952. Miss Hellman was brought up in New Orleans where, paradoxical though it may seem, the same class of people who institutionalized Jim Crow never (I speak of the decent members of that class) humiliated individual members of the Negro race. It is difficult to imagine suggesting to a Negro bureaucrat who has merely performed a job assigned to him that he is collusively engaged in anti-Negro activity; impossible to understand a civilized woman slamming the door in the

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face of someone—a messenger—executing a clerical duty. Truly, the lady's emotions are ungoverned, and perhaps ungovernable. She seems to like to advertise this. *"I have a temper and it is triggered at odd times by odd matters and is then out of my control."* And, elsewhere, talking about her "black" nanny, she reveals that she was given *"anger—an uncomfortable, dangerous, and often useful gift."* To be used against black messengers bearing instructions from Washington, but on no account against white messengers bearing instructions from Moscow.

THE AUTHOR, though she attempts to project a moral for our time out of her own travail, does this less avidly than most of her critics, who seized greedily on this mincing tale of self-pity as the matrix of a passion play. It doesn't work. The heart of her failure beats in a single sentence. *" . . . whatever our mistakes, I do not believe we did our country any harm."*

"Dear Lillian Hellman," the socialist Irving Howe writes, "you could not be more mistaken! Those who supported Stalinism and its political enterprises, either here or abroad, helped befoul the cultural atmosphere, helped bring totalitarian methods into trade unions, helped perpetuate one of the great lies of the century, helped destroy whatever possibilities there might have been for a resurgence of serious radicalism in America. Isn't that harm enough?"

What were we supposed to defend, William Phillips of *Partisan Review*, himself an ex-Communist, asks. "Some *were* Communists, and what one was asked to defend was their right to lie about it."

The message of Lillian Hellman, says Hilton Kramer of the *New York Times*, is rendered in "*soigné* prose," causing one to wonder if one ought to be less sensitive than Khrushchev in denouncing the work of his predecessor. But it was Providence that provided the epilogue, the ironic masterstroke. Lillian Hellman, best-selling author of the diatribe against the Hollywood moguls who discriminated against her after she was identified as a Communist apologist. When Miss Hellman finally brought herself to criticize the Soviet Union, she singled out for special scorn Soviet censorship. *"The semi-literate bureaucrats, who suppress and alter manuscripts, who dictate who can and cannot be published, perform a disgusting business."* And lo! the publishers of Miss Hellman's book, Little, Brown, instruct Diana Trilling to alter an essay on Miss Hellman in her manuscript. Mrs. Trilling declines, and Little, Brown breaks the contract—does its best, in effect, to suppress her book. "Miss Hellman is one of our leading successful authors," said Arthur Thornhill, president of Little, Brown. "She's not one of the big so-called money makers, but she's up there where we enjoy the revenue." The principled Miss Hellman, who condemns Hollywood for its base concern for profit, has not severed her relations with Little, Brown, never mind that they sought to suppress and alter a manuscript—in deference to *her*! But, don't you see, the vertebral column of her thought finally emerges. *She* can do no wrong. *"There is nothing in my life of which I am ashamed,"* she wrote to the chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, setting herself, by that sentence, in a class apart from her fellow mortals. Well, it took a long time for her to learn about Communism. She is elderly, but there is time yet, time to recognize that she should be ashamed of this awful book. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LONG WAR DEAD, *an Epiphany, 1st Platoon, USMC, Bryan Alec Floyd (Bard Books, 95 pp., $1.50).* In *The Long War Dead*, Bryan Alec Floyd has written the *Spoon River Anthology* of a Vietnam War Marine platoon. Forty-seven lives are subjected to the piercing, sometimes brutal, thrust of his verse. Floyd, an ex-Marine now teaching at a New York community college, is not yet a polished poet and his technique sometimes limps. But the power of his insights and the incisiveness of his language carry everything before them, producing some of the best war poetry of the past four decades. No partisan, either for or against the war, Floyd is, quite simply, the ringing voice that sings of the courage and horror of one of America's great traumas. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

MY LIFE IN PICTURES, *by Charles Chaplin (Grosset & Dunlap, 320 pp., $19.95).* It may reasonably be argued that no one in this century has brought more joy to mankind than Charlie Chaplin. Considering which, a wonderful French caricature reproduced in this beautiful book features a scowling, jealous Kaiser Wilhelm II holding a magazine with Chaplin on the cover; the caption translates as: "Don't be jealous of Charlie, sir! Your pride need not be hurt! He will never make as many people laugh as you have made people cry!" Aside from a gushing and occasionally defensive introduction by Francis Wyndham, and some momentary evasiveness in Chaplin's text, this book, essentially a fully illustrated companion to the comic's *My Autobiography*, is a complete success—a repository of photographs, cartoons, posters, and paintings spanning Charlie's entire life from the London slums to luxurious retirement in Switzerland with his enormous family. *Takes*—and *outtakes*—from all his great films and some of his lesser ones, photographs of him with friends ranging from Fairbanks and Pickford to Chou En-lai, a wealth of images never before published: all this justifies the book's hefty price. Chaplin's politics, long a subject of controversy, receives little authoritative explication here, but his comedic genius pervades the work. This is much more than a sumptuously designed cocktail-table book: it is an indispensable reference tool for anyone who loves film and Charlie the Tramp. DAVID BRUDNOY

PAN-SLAVISM AND RUSSIAN COMMUNISM, *by Salme Pruden (Foreign Affairs, 59 pp., $2).* This small book is a superb antidote to our current epidemic of detente fever. Under the original and the present czars Russia has been fiercely expansionist, and Salme Pruden, with her explication of the Pan-Slav idea, helps us to understand why. There is a generous portion of chauvinistic Russian nationalism in Moscow's current efforts (euphemistically termed "Sovietization") to Russianize Estonians, etc.; far less drastic measures by Western imperial powers would quickly be dubbed "cultural genocide." Miss Pruden underscores the striking similarities between Danilevsky's nineteenth century Pan-Slav concept and present Soviet national arrangements, and aptly cites Pitirim Sorokin: "If one removes the Marxist terminology and other secondary details from the policies and ideologies of Soviet leaders, one finds that Danilevsky's and the Soviet leaders' ideas regarding Russo-European relationships are essentially similar. In this matter a most conservative Slavophile and a Communist Politburo member can shake hands." None of this is to absolve Marx. Theory aside, however, that gentleman has proved more than compatible with Russian imperio-colonialism in Eastern Europe—as witness the dismal fate of the Baltic peoples here recounted. This is an exceptional brief account of the true nature of national relationships within the Soviet Union. MICHAEL F. CONNORS

THE WEST-END HORROR: *A Posthumous Memoir of John H. Watson, MD, by Nicholas Meyer (Dutton, 222 pp., $7.95).* Historical fiction—or more precisely fictionalized name-dropping—is all the rage these days: *Ragtime* and *Lenin in Zurich*

(Continues on page 109)

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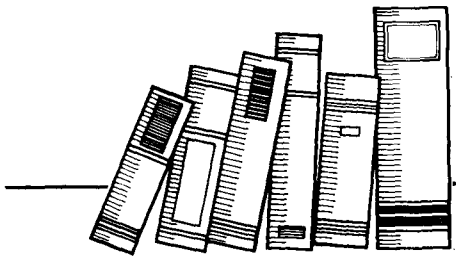

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

READERS CAN BEST decipher Anthony Sampson's book about the oil industry, *The Seven Sisters* (Bantam, $2.25), by swabbing the pages with a bit of lemon juice. The message is in there, but it is scratched in secret glyphs between the lines.

On first appraisal, Sampson's impressionistic treatment would seem to confirm the usual stereotypes: swashbuckling, money-hungry, more than slightly sinister tycoons striving to grab the world's petroleum resources in quest of mammoth profits. Just the thing to feed the popular paranoia about the alleged monopoly powers of the major oil firms.

On closer inspection, however, one finds the stereotypes, even on the data conveyed by Sampson, patently false. It is clear for one thing that there is no monopoly power in the petroleum business. Collusive arrangements that existed in the past, as in the famous carve-up of the Ottoman Empire, did so without exception through the connivance of governments, who viewed the global quest for oil as an extension of national policies. And whatever the arrangements of a generation ago, the only semblance of an oil cartel these days is that administered by the notorious OPEC.

Lack of market power on the part of the companies is clearly shown, indeed, by their recent dealings with OPEC. The whole affray with the producing nations was provoked by a world-wide glut of oil which drove petroleum prices steadily downward. This in turn required the companies to reduce their payments to the Arabs, and the resulting decline of revenues ignited OPEC into angry retribution. Glut and falling prices, needless to observe, are infallible indices that no cartel is working.

The point may be confirmed, without resort to lemon juice, in *Vertical Integration in the Oil Industry* (American Enterprise Institute, $4), edited by Professor Edward J. Mitchell of the University of Michigan. This excellent study covers most of the issues presented by current divestiture proposals, with particular focus on questions of market concentration. Professors Richard Mancke of Tufts and David Teece of Stanford show, for instance, that none of the principal stigmata of monopoly apply to the present conduct of the petroleum business.

In 1969, Mancke notes, the largest single producer of crude oil—EXXON—accounted for less than 10 per cent of total production. The four largest firms among them accounted for between 25 and 30 per cent. The eight largest accounted for something between 40 and 50 per cent. In addition, there are literally tens of thousands of smaller companies involved in crude-oil production. In 1974, better than 86 per cent of all exploratory wells in the United States were drilled by smaller companies.

Similar market shares obtain in other phases of the business. The largest refiner in 1970 (again EXXON) had less than 10 per cent of gas-refining capacity, while the top marketer, Texaco, had less than 8 per cent of sales in 1973. The share of sales accruing to the largest firms has steadily declined over the past decade, thanks to the advance of the independents. Returns on invested capital, as Teece makes plain, are relatively modest, while barriers to entry are nonexistent.

AS FOR "vertical integration" itself—meaning the combination of producing, refining, and marketing in a single firm—editor Mitchell and contributors Wesley Liebeler and Arthur Johnson show that this is a perfectly rational way of reducing costs, which is why the oil companies (and plenty of other people) engage in it. Legislated breakup will simply mean decreased efficiency, which in turn means higher prices to consumers.

Vertical Integration, by the way, is one of a series of studies on the energy crisis published by AEI and edited by Professor Mitchell. All are factual, well-reasoned, and long on economic savvy. Here's hoping that they find a receptive audience in the halls of Congress. □

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Personal

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PAYNE

(Continued from page 90)

First, the jury system accomplishes what was presupposed by the theory of electoral democracy but never achieved: well-informed citizen choice. As such it represents a fulfillment of the democratic ideal. The jury system says, in effect, take housewives, filling-station attendants, and grocery clerks, give them a week to examine the candidates, to hear arguments and analyses, and their collective judgment will contain wisdom and good sense.

A second advantage of the jury method is that it allows for a mature assessment of candidate issue-positions *and* candidate abilities together. As voters we react to policy stands, if we care about them at all, in rather disembodied form; the moral and intellectual qualities of the men espousing these positions are relatively unnoticed. Of course, the jurors will have policy views, and their views will properly influence their choice of candidate. However, the juror has to balance his policy preferences against the personal qualities of the candidates. If the juror is conservative, does he want a vain, unreasoning conservative, or would he prefer a thoughtful, conscientious liberal?

The jury system, I should further add, is ideologically neutral. Both liberals and conservatives believe that their measures are not more successful with the voters because voters are ignorant of central facts and relationships. Both sides should, therefore, view the jury process with optimism. The only candidate who should fear this system is one who feels that the more people know about him, the less they will like him.

I should mention, in cataloguing the virtues of the jury idea, a negative advantage: it cannot do much harm. The entire system of selecting candidates by primaries and general elections remains intact. The jury's function is purely advisory. If for some reason the jury should run amuck, or if any voter feels it has, the jury could be ignored and other candidates selected.

Finally, the jury nomination system substantially reduces the bias in favor of publicity-oriented candidates. The superficial cues which the status type is adept at providing—name recognition, image—are superseded by a much more profound understanding of the candidates. Manipulation of the mass media, expensive publicity campaigns, publicity stunts, sensational charges: under the jury system these tactics will have little utility. A competent, mature individual with no money and not disposed to devote his life to self-promotion stands a better than even chance under this system. The advantage of incumbency is also reduced. With the jury system, the actual record of the incumbent, not the one provided by his public-relations organization, would form the basis of evaluation. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 106)

are doing nicely, Tom Stoppard's *Travesties* was a smash in London and on Broadway, and Nicholas Meyer's earlier *Seven-Per-Cent Solution* headed the best-seller list. Meyer's new installment of the Sherlock Holmes saga continues the trend. This entertaining and engrossing novella mixes Baker Street with the London theatrical and literary scene of 1895 and involves Holmes and Watson with such notables as Sir Arthur Sullivan, George Bernard Shaw, Bram Stoker, Frank Harris, Oscar Wilde, and Ellen Terry. The result is something only the most fanatical Holmes purist could carp about. Meyer, who has Holmes kick the cocaine habit for the duration, presents the master sleuth with a case which has him for the most part baffled as to the identity of the murderer of *Morning Courant* drama critic Jonathan McCarthy. The very idea of some fiend committing foul play against such a gentle soul as a critic sends chills down my spine. McCarthy, however, had his enemies and his vices, and the list of potential suspects is long and illustrious. And although good Dr. Watson has his suspicions, Holmes himself is less convinced that any easy solution is at hand—that is, until shortly before the book's chilling final chapter. In telling the tale (or rather, as he says, editing it from a lost manuscript of Watson's turned in by a widow in Wisconsin), Meyer has done a first-rate job in breathing life again into one of fiction's premier creations.

DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

THE NUREMBERG MIND, *by Florence R. Miale and Michael Selzer (Quadrangle, 302 pp., $10.95)*. But of course—the Rorschach test. Perhaps it can settle the long debate over whether the evil that lives after those Nazis at Nuremberg was the evil of banality or the evil of abnormality. This book, which its publisher describes as "very reassuring," examines the Rorschach tests administered at Nuremberg to 16 Nazi defendants and concludes that the defendants were anything but normal. Examples: when Albert Speer interpreted one ink blot as a bug, it suggested "flatness, dullness, . . . [and the] buglike nature of his being." When he saw a coat of arms in another, it indicated "pretentiousness." Speer's entire Rorschach performance suggested "psychopathic propensity for dissimulation" and "ego-inflating pretentiousness." Some might conclude this sounds a little tenuous, if not downright silly. I would probably agree, but I'm inclined in this space to go on to something about this book that is anything but reassuring—its tone of moral superiority and self-righteousness. True, these were men who committed crimes, some of them horrible crimes. But what is disturbing is the absolute confidence these writers have in the Rorschach method as a tool for—what? For separating society's psychologically unfit from the rest of us. The gnawing question is what we do with them once we have isolated them, and if you don't find that particularly reassuring, maybe a Rorschach test could help explain why.

ROBERT W. MERRY

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Reflections on Gift-Giving

New York, Dec. 28—Guess what Shirley Temple is doing right now? As chief of protocol, she has to decide whether William Simon should be permitted to buy from the United States Government some of the gifts he was given while Secretary of the Treasury, or whether that would be opposed to the "spirit" of the law. The gifts Mr. Simon desires to hang on to are those that "mean something special" to him, namely, a Russian shotgun, a cigarette box from Saudi Arabia, two silver-colored necklaces from Israel, a set of matched pistols from Argentina, a wristwatch from Leonid Brezhnev with Brezhnev's name engraved on it, and a porcelain sculpture from Spain. The law says that any gifts from foreign officials worth more than $50 must be turned over to the United States Government. What then happens to them, if you were President of the United States, is that they end up decorating those shrines ex-Presidents and their friends build to preserve their sacred memory; or, if you were a lesser light, they are quietly auctioned off a few years down the line by the General Services Administration.

Mr. Simon is a gun collector, which explains in part why he wants to hang on to the shotgun and to the pistols. The silver necklaces apparently have sentimental value (they alone are valued at less than $50, so there is no problem there). The porcelain sculpture from Spain presumably has nostalgic as well as artistic value. It isn't plain why he wants to hang on to the watch. The only gift I would accept from Brezhnev is an urn containing the ashes of the Brezhnev Doctrine. On the other hand, if every time you look at your watch you see Brezhnev's name, that's not a bad idea either, since it is good to remind ourselves that life is nasty, brutish, and short, thanks substantially to Brezhnev. Furthermore, William Simon being one of the world's exemplary libertarians, there are no grounds for suspecting any alienation of affection. If Mr. Simon goes back to Wall Street, he will no doubt want to be the only guy in the board room who tells the time by looking at Brezhnev's watch.

When I was a little boy, though not so little I shouldn't have known better, a lady at a souvenir shop in Stratford-on-Avon gave me, after my sisters and I had loaded up on Shakespeareana, a miniature *Hamlet*—the whole play, reduced to a book the size of a passport photograph. I was delighted, and fished out of my grubby pocket a shilling, which I, in turn, insisted on giving the lady. With us was an old friend who taught me music, but has had no other failure during her lifetime, and later she told me I must learn to accept gifts, any methodical attempt to requite which has the effect of squirting cold water on acts of spontaneous generosity.

ONE SUPPOSES that the law binding William Simon was written on the assumption that foreign officials are not engaged in acts of spontaneous generosity, but rather in formalities, or even cynicism. The exchange of gifts between heads of state is a ritual that began with the beginning of history. The question arises whether it is possible for a foreign leader to make a spontaneous gift. Sadat, for instance, is clearly attached to Henry Kissinger, not to the Secretary of State. Will he wait until Mr. Kissinger is out of office, and then make him a gift? Not to Be Opened until after Your Resignation?

It is one of the uglier aspects of public service that such spontaneities are forbidden because they are presumptively suspect. The next man who takes you to lunch may turn out to be the Korean ambassador. The late Democratic Senator Paul Douglas once wrote on the subject, laying down the law that $7 was the maximum value for an acceptable gift to an elected official, $7 being, in those days, the price of the most expensive book. A few Democratic Congresses later, you need to pay twice $7 to buy even a socialist primer to give to your local congressman.

I hope Mr. Simon gets to keep his presents, and if he doesn't, I'm going to send him two silver-colored necklaces, and pretend they came from Israel. □

SEASON TO BE JOLLY

New York, Dec. 26—This being the season for cheer and forgiveness, I am moved to meditate that Chile may be showing greater concern for its political prisoners than the United States, it now being obvious that Howard Hunt really is just that—a political prisoner.

A year ago Professor James Q. Wilson of Harvard, whose book on crime and punishment is a contemporary classic, made a reference to the extraordinary prison terms given out by Judge John Sirica. As for Howard Hunt's term—two and one-half to eight years—Professor Wilson, who is a penological hawk, said that with Hunt's record (i.e., no previous convictions, zero probability of a repeated offense), anyone else convicted of the identical offense—conspiracy to break and enter—would have been fined, and given a "thirty-day suspended sentence."

Judge Sirica, as everybody knows, was endeavoring to put special pressure on his prisoners to cooperate with the prosecution. Well, that pressure worked. Hunt testified before every committee and every grand jury impaneled to investigate. As practically everyone knows, his wife was killed in an airplane accident in the fall of 1972, and he was left with four children to look after; and the months went by.

Now, there is a procedure for persons convicted of a federal offense who believe that their sentences were inordinate, or that for special reasons those sentences should be mitigated. In the office of the Attorney General of the United States is someone called the Pardon Attorney. His job is to prepare recommendations for the President of the United States. Hunt's attorney approached the Pardon Attorney in October 1975 and asked how long it would require to weigh the evidence, in the case of Hunt, in order to prepare a recommendation for the President. The answer: "Three or four months." The papers were completed instantly, and recommendations for leniency filed, including copies of public statements made by such as Eric Sevareid, James Jackson Kilpatrick, and Howard K. Smith.

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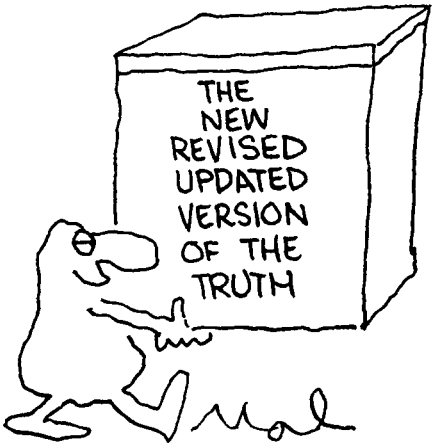
Eight months went by. I am a friend of Hunt's, and godfather to three of his children, and accordingly telephoned the Pardon Attorney and asked if he could account for the extraordinary delay. Were there political considerations standing in the way of a commutation of sentence? He replied that I would have to draw my own conclusions, that he believed the recommendation would be made shortly.

A long while later—in July 1976—I addressed the Attorney General directly to ask whether, in fact, political considerations were vitiating due process. A month after that, I received a reply from the acting Attorney General advising me that the Pardon Attorney "expects to receive shortly the last report which he views as necessary to developing his recommendation to the Attorney General."

On the whole, I like to believe Attorneys General, but it is difficult to do so in this case. If there is an American this side of the fever swamps who believes that Howard Hunt should still be in jail for the foolishness he committed in June 1972, after spending thirty months in jail, I doubt that that person would have taken ten months to forward his recommendation to the Pardon Attorney. What obviously the whole gang did not want is to pardon Hunt during the election campaign, on the grounds that doing so would revive talk about the pardon of Richard Nixon. Well, let us be grand about it and accept it that Hunt's remaining in jail must be considered a trivial sacrifice to pay for the prospective re-election of a President of the United States.

But the election was weeks ago. Hunt rots in jail, for no purpose, and there is no explanation for it other than the sadistic neglect of uncommunicative bureaucrats who give speeches about justice and apparently think nothing of taking more than one year to process a simple application for justice and for mercy. If the Pardon Attorney concludes that Hunt should not be let out of jail, then why not develop the guts to *say* so? Perhaps the services of John Sirica as a ghost-writer could be made available? Or will Hunt have to wait for a Democratic President to exercise rudimentary clemency for a minor participant in that sordid affair who has been redundantly punished? □



THE RETURN OF EDGAR SMITH

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8—I am behind the curtain of the auditorium at the University of Alabama in Huntsville, and my host now slips through to the podium. Presently he will introduce me; I am to follow in his footsteps, and begin my speech. Just then a student puffs in, having taken the steps three at a time. Before I go on—he stammers out—I am to telephone Bodino Rodino at the *Bergen Record*, re: Edgar Smith. I stuff the message in my pocket, a bottomless pit by now for messages from people who wish to speak to me about Edgar Smith.

Now it is a television studio, a live show, coast to coast, *Good Morning, America*. I am there to discuss a new book I have written on a subject far removed from the world of getting and spending and killing: sailing boats. The props—enticing pictures, taken at sea—are all in place, and the star of the show opens up: "First, Mr. Buckley, I'd like to ask you about Edgar Smith . . ."

Very well, I surrender.

1. Edgar Smith was tried and convicted in 1957 of murdering a 15-year-old girl. In 1964, we began a correspondence. Over the ensuing seven years, he wrote me 2,900 pages of letters (he counted them). I became convinced that he had not been fairly tried, and that he could not have committed the murder in the time and under the circumstances alleged.

Two gifted attorneys, for the most part volunteering their services, persuaded a very bright judge that Edgar Smith had not been fairly tried. Rather than re-try him for first-degree murder, the New Jersey court bargained with him. If he would say that he killed the girl, the prosecution would reduce the charge to second-degree murder. Counting "good" time, his release would be effective one hour after he stood up in open court pleading guilty. One hour later, he emerged from Trenton State Prison into my waiting car and drove to New York City where, before the cameras, he retracted his confession, which he attributed to the requirements of "court theater." He had been in the death house longer than anyone in American history. The judge who let him out was profoundly convinced that Smith had in fact, as a seedy, shiftless 23-year-old, killed the girl. But, said the judge, if he had ever seen a rehabilitated man, here he was. Edgar Smith, member of Mensa, author of two best-selling books.

2. Just short of five years later, one of the attorneys telephones. He has received a report that Edgar Smith is wanted in San Diego, California, for "atrocious assault," kidnapping, and attempted murder. A young woman, her week's forlorn salary in her handbag, is dragged into a car by a man who announces that he wants her money. She resists and he plunges a six-inch knife into her, narrowly missing vital organs. She is a tiger, thrusts her two feet through the windshield, lunges against the wheel of the car, which lurches now off to the side of the road.

DESPERATELY she maneuvers to open the door, and spills out in sight of a half-dozen pedestrians who take the number of the license plate of the car that careens screechingly off. The car is registered in the name of Mrs. Edgar Smith. The woman recovers in the hospital, is shown a picture, and identifies her assailant as: Edgar Smith.

3. The telephone rings in my office, and my secretary, Miss Bronson, answers—like all of us around the shop, an old enthusiast in the Smith cause. It is Edgar Smith, calling from Las Vegas, "Is Bill there?" He had been hiding in and around New York for a week, not disclosing his whereabouts to anyone. He had promised his mother he would fly directly to San Diego, give himself up. Now, he tells Miss Bronson, he has been mugged, and has lost all his money; would I call him? She telephones me in Albuquerque, and I telephone the FBI. Within five minutes Edgar Smith, asleep in his hotel room, is picked up. My next two calls are to his mother and his wife, to tell them what I did.

4. What are my "comments"? Why, I believe now that he was guilty of the first crime. There is no mechanism as yet perfected that will establish beyond question a person's guilt or innocence. There will be guilty people freed this year and every year. But for those who believe that the case of Edgar Smith warrants a vow to accept the ruling of a court as always definitive, it is only necessary to remind ourselves that, this year and every year, an innocent man will be convicted. Edgar Smith has done enough damage in his lifetime without underwriting the doctrine that the verdict of a court is infallible. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An encampment under little or no shelter — 41 73 30 168 23 165 87

B. Sweetly blissful — 80 166 151 137 56 100 75

C. Paradise — 77 129 115 169 13 94 104

D. A type of touring car — 117 25 106 29 153 74 172

E. Material, such as fluid, cells, or cellular debris, which has escaped from blood vessels and been deposited in tissues or on tissue surfaces — 133 105 60 159 40 125 66

F. Most unkempt — 28 50 150 155 126 138 67 57

G. Having little flesh — 14 157 2 143 31 128 68 162

H. Having the form of a fish — 52 88 58 140 146 11 108 148

I. An accoucheur — 173 35 78 96 44 21 63

J. Beneath those rugged elms, that ___-___'s shade (use your gray matter) — 144 141 111 51 118 170 90

K. What Taft was than T. R. and Wilson — 160 48 61 145 119 132

L. To overwhelm with amazement — 82 120 47 3 33 69 142

M. A sorcerer's spell — 101 36 18 91 42 53

N. Any of various large sweet cherries — 109 49 4 121 154 171 70

O. Distinction — 8 12 64 86 1 20

P. To habituate — 112 37 5 164 89

Q. TOWEL EVENT — 130 79 9 32 83 92 103 127 139 156

R. All three articles can be found in this man's name — 147 107 114 71 122

S. A heavy cotton flannel with a thick nap on the face made with sateen weave — 152 19 76 6 15 93 22 97 54

T. A type of generator — 26 55 95 134 99 16 45 174

U. What Methuselah was — 39 43 7 161 131 72

V. A type of egg — 65 59 123 113 163 175

W. Wrathful — 149 135 124 176 84

X. One educated beyond his intelligence — 98 17 24 81 136 27 10

Y. To give added vigor to — 85 38 62 102 110 167 34 46 116 158

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 108 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 O	2 G	3 L		4 N	5 P	6 S	7 U	8 O	9 Q	10 X		11 H	12 O	13 C	14 G		
15 S		16 T	17 X	18 M		19 S	20 O		21 I	22 S	23 A	24 X	25 D	26 T			
27 X		28 F	29 D	30 A	31 G	32 Q	33 L	34 Y	35 I	36 M	37 P		38 Y	39 U			
40 E	41 A	42 M	43 U	44 I	45 T	46 Y		47 L	48 K	49 N	50 F	51 J	52 H	53 M	54 S		
	55 T	56 B	57 F	58 H	59 V	60 E	61 K		62 Y	63 I	64 O	65 V	66 E	67 F	68 G		
69 L	70 N	71 R	72 U	73 A	74 D	75 B		76 S	77 C	78 I		79 Q	80 B		81 X		
82 L	83 Q	84 W		85 Y	86 O	87 A	88 H	89 P	90 J	91 M	92 Q	93 S		94 C	95 T		
96 I		97 S	98 X		99 T	100B	101M	102Y		103Q	104C	105E	106D	107R	108H		
109N	110Y		111J	112P	113V	114R		115C	116Y	117D	118J	119K	120L	121N	122R		
123V	124W	125E	126F	127Q	128G		129C	130Q	131U		132K	133E	134T	135W	136X		
137B	138F	139Q	140H	141J	142L		143G	144J		145K	146H	147R		148H	149W		
150F	151B		152S	153D	154N	155F	156Q		157G	158Y	159E		160K	161U	162G		
163V	164P	165A	166B		167Y	168A	169C	170J	171N	172D	173I	174T	175V	176W			

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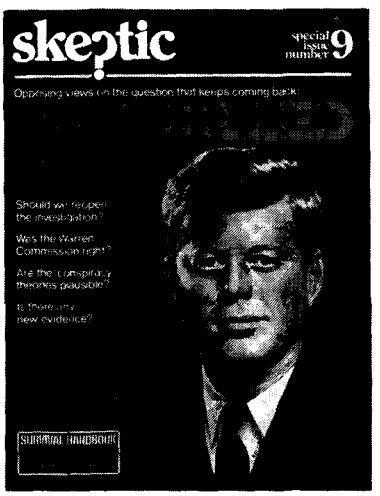
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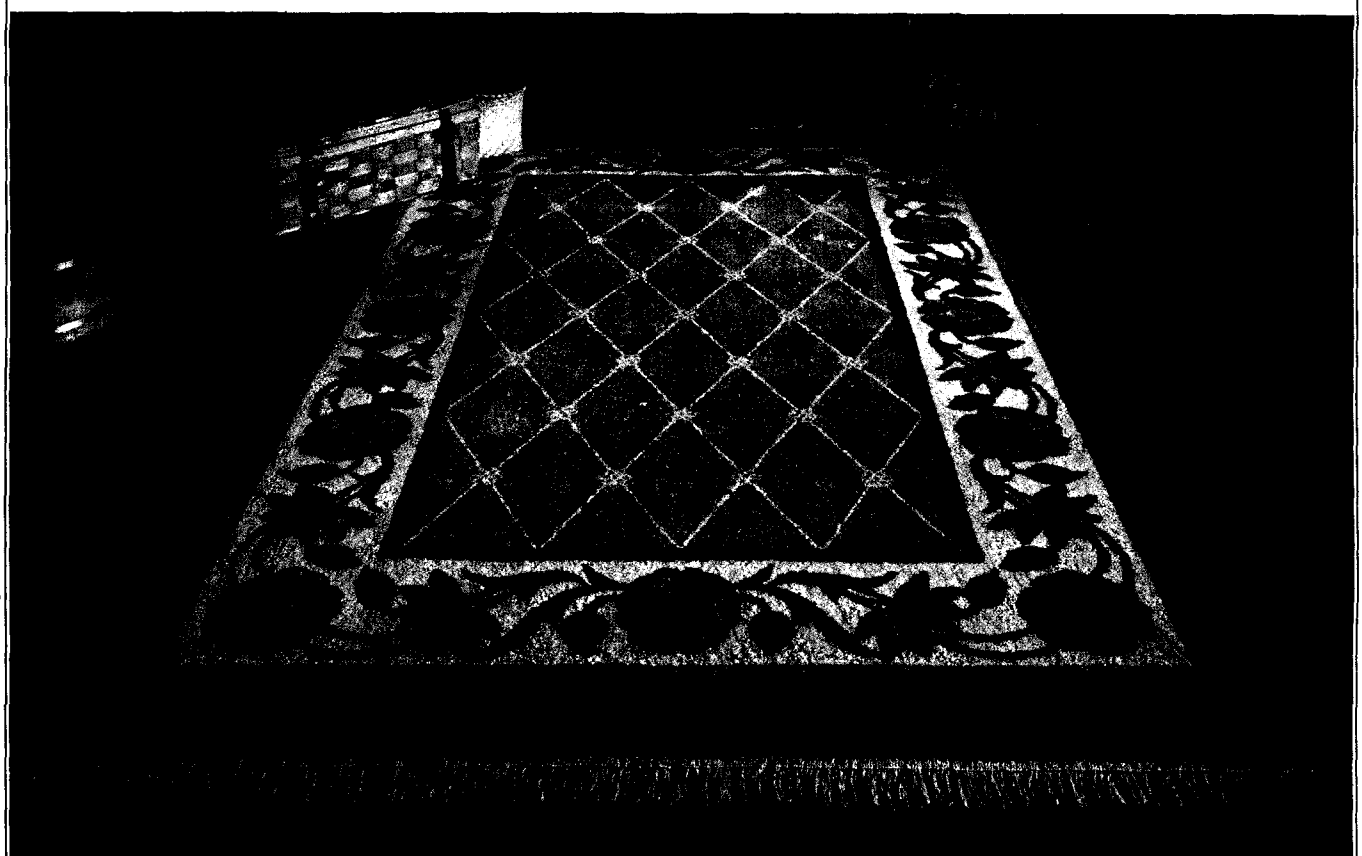

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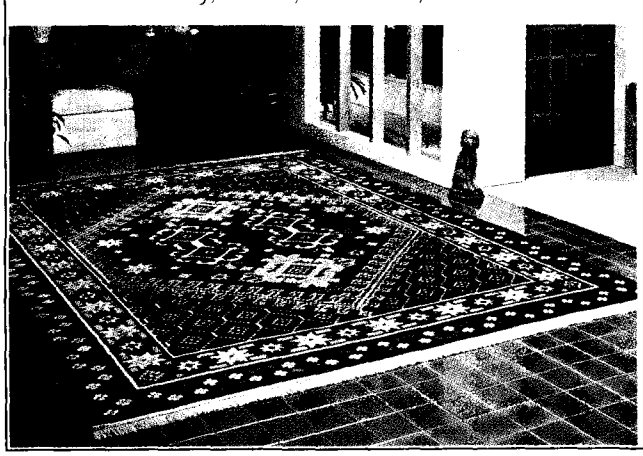

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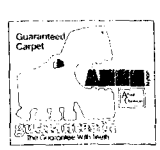

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